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CYRUS P. GROSVENOR, Editor.

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From the New York Observer.
MR. BUCKINGHAM'S LECTURES.
SECOND COURSE.
ARABIA.—CONCLUDED.

Choosing a Chief.—The office of chief of an Arab tribe never conveys any emolument to the incumbent, nor confers any patronage. There is therefore none of that rivalry for offices, which is the inevitable attendant upon elections for office in countries where these inducements are held out. The chief is usually an elderly man, sober in his deportment, and given to hospitality. He neither is better fed, nor clothed, nor lodged, than any other member of the tribe. You may generally know the chief's tent by seeing a little red flag placed upon it, and by its being advanced a little before the rest of the encampment to the north, the point from which danger is most apprehended. The chief entertains all strangers; and when he dies, generally one of the elders is chosen to be chief. When a stranger approaches the tribe, the chief is sent out to receive him; his horse is taken care of, and himself introduced to the apartment of the chief; his wishes are immediately consulted, and a repast, the best that can be procured, is placed before him; and it is not until he has finished his meal, and all the duties of hospitality are attended to, that he is asked a single question by his host relative to himself, either the reasons of his journey, the length of his stay in the country, or in short any question that would imply the least curiosity. Once, when I asked an Arab chief the cause of this, he answered me thus:—The Arab chief looks upon every stranger as a friend; every man, no matter what may be his nation, his color, his appearance or his station, as a brother; the fact of his being a stranger demands our hospitality; and, until he is a partaker of that, he is not asked any question which might draw forth a reply that might tend to make his presence less welcome. Therefore the Arab always treats his guest as a man first, and then gratifies his curiosity afterwards. This is certainly a lesson which many more enlightened and cultivated nations would do well to learn from the Arab.

Anecdote of two Arab Chiefs.—There dwelt upon the great river Euphrates, near the great city of Bassora, two Arab tribes deadly hostile to each other. Their enmity was so proverbial and well known, that when one man spoke of the enmity of another towards a foe, he would say, he hates him as an Anizee hates a Montifee. It fell out, that the Pacha of Bagdad, being apprehensive of the invasion of the Kurds from Kurdistan, sent out an order to the chief of the Anizees to send him forthwith 20,000 men; and the order was obeyed. The Pacha, not placing the same reliance upon the promptness of the Montifee chief, resolved to lay a plan to take him by stratagem, and then demand of him the aid of his tribe. He succeeded in obtaining attendance of the chief; and he was brought into the presence of the Turk. "I have taken you prisoner," said the Pacha, "fearing that I might not otherwise have obtained the assistance of your tribe against the Kurds.—If now you command that 10,000 of your men shall come to my assistance, your chains shall be struck off, and you may return safe and uninjured to your tribe; but if you do not comply, your head shall roll at my feet." The chief looked the Pacha sternly in the face, and replied: "Your slight knowledge of the Arab character has led you into this error. Had you sent me for 10,000 of my tribe, when I was free, I know not what answer I should have returned; but as it is, my reply cannot be other than negative. If you order my head to roll at your feet, be it so: there are many more in my tribe equal to mine. Shed one drop of my blood, and every one will be come its avenger. The Arab may be treated with free, but when a prisoner, never." The haughty Pacha looked upon him for a moment with surprise; then turning to his soldiers, he ordered them to sever his head from his body. The chief stood calm and collected, while the drawn sabre gleamed aloft in the air. At this moment the noise of a horse galloping in the paved court-yard of the palace attracted the attention of the Pacha. At every bound he struck the fire from the stones, and seemed to be striving to outstrip the wind. In a moment the rider vaulted from his horse, and almost in the same breath stood in the presence of the Pacha. "I am come," said he, "to strike off the chains from my enemy. Had he been taken in open conflict, I should not have interposed; but as he has been taken by treachery, though mine enemy, yet will I be the first to strike off his chains. There are 20,000 lances under my command glancing yonder in your defence; but if you release not immediately mine enemy, every one of them shall be directed against you as a foe." The Turk was forced to yield, and the two chiefs retired together. The chief of the Anizees conducted his brother chief, though his deadliest enemy, to his own tribe, and then said, "We are

now again enemies; we have only acted as Arabs should to each other; but you are now safe and with your own tribe, and ancient hostility is renewed." With this they parted, and the chief of the Anizees returned to the defence of the Pacha.

Sea Ports of Arabia.—At the head of the Red Sea stands Suez. Passing down thence you find the ports of Tor, Yanbu, Jeddah, Hodeida, Lohia and Mocha. Suez derives its importance from its locality. Being at the head of the sea, it is the port of embarkation and debarkation to and from India. The town is to the isthmus of the same name what Panama and Portobello are to the isthmus of Darien. The inhabitants depend for supplies chiefly upon Egypt, except when fleets are fitted out and sent thither. Suez contains generally a population amounting to 5,000. Tor is a small seaport at the foot of Mounts Horeb and Sinai. It is very celebrated in that part of the country for the excellence of its waters. It is of very inconsiderable size and importance, having not more than 500 inhabitants. Yanbu, which is the port of Medina, contains about 5,000 people, and is of considerable importance on account of the immense caravans of pilgrims which come to it on their way to the shrine of the prophet. Jeddah is a large seaport for Arabia and contains a population of about 5,000. It is the place of debarkation for the holy city of Mecca. The people are exclusively Mohammedan. Hodeida and Lohia are particularly notable for their product of coffee, which is shipped in large quantities from Mocha, and has received all over the world, where it is known, the appellation of Mocha coffee. It is a singular fact, that though coffee in such immense quantities is shipped from Mocha, still none is consumed there at all. This is a departure from the custom of all other commercial people, who export only the surplus of their commodities, after having first supplied the market at home. For instance, here in America, you raise cotton and tobacco; but both these articles are extensively used in your own country, and only the surplus is exported to a foreign market. So in the West Indies, sugar and rice are the staple commodities; and sugar and rice form a large part of the food of the inhabitants. So tea is the product of China, and is universally used throughout every portion of that vast empire. But not so with the people of Mocha; they export all of their coffee, and use none at all themselves. They have a drink made from the outer bark of the coffee berry, which they deem the most delicious beverage in the world. The coffee itself is heated and hauled to the system in the extreme. I remember, when I was first at Mocha, hearing this drink very highly extolled; and the friend who was with me, as well as myself, imagined, when it was offered to us on our visit to the governor, that we were going to taste the most delicious drink to be met with. But you may well judge of our surprise and disappointment, when I tell you, that I can think of nothing else to which I can compare it, except it be a mixture of Glauber's salts and Senna tea. We contrived, however, to hide our disappointment, and by drinking a very little and spilling some, we contrived to return our cups emptied of their nauseous contents. This drink, which to us was so excessively disagreeable, is considered by the inhabitants of Mocha to be more delicious than any other beverage they can make.

Anecdote of an Abyssinian Princess.—Not long after my adventure at Mocha I met with a circumstance which convinced me that there is no accounting for tastes, and that what is extremely grateful and acceptable to one palate may be very disagreeable to another. I happened to fall in with the caravan of an Abyssinian princess on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. She was reported to be very beautiful; but the custom of keeping the females entirely concealed, deprived us of the opportunity of being ourselves the judges. My companion and myself had the most intense desire to see this princess; but how to effect our wishes we knew not. She had hired the cabin of the vessel in which we also intended to take passage, and had consented to have a small portion partitioned off and allotted to our accommodation. One day while we were forming some plan by which we might catch a view of the lady's countenance, news was suddenly brought to us, that she was very sick. We expressed our regret of course. "But," said the captain of our vessel, "cannot you cure her?" "Tell us what ails the lady," we replied. "O she is sick, and as you are Europeans, and all Europeans are doctors, you must cure her." This was all we could learn from the Arab; for he knew not that there could be more than one kind of sickness, and that medicine was necessary to effect a cure. With them there is neither sickness nor doctors. Living temperate lives, eating but a little and drinking less, and taking also a great deal of exercise, they consequently have none of the disorders which are prevalent in most other countries. We told him, therefore, that we must see the lady, before we could tell what ailed her. "O horrible!" he exclaimed; "she had better die first." "Very well," we replied, "if the lady prefers to die rather than to be cured, be it so." The man left us, but shortly after returned, and said, the lady was growing worse and worse, and desired to know what part of the person we desired to see. We replied that the pulse indicated the state of the blood, and we must see the arm. Soon after we were sent for to go in to the other part of the cabin, and really began to think we should see this renowned beauty; but what was our surprise, when we found a broad green curtain hung before the lady and a hole cut in it, through which she thrust her arm. We were now completely at a stand as to what to do. We however felt the pulse and said, "O yes, the lady is very sick indeed; but we can-

not tell what ails her without seeing her tongue." Before this could be consented to, we were caused to retire, that the lady might make up her mind. Soon, we were again summoned; and to our chagrin found that a hole had been cut in the upper part of the curtain, through which she now thrust her tongue. Not willing to be thus fooled, we now declared that without seeing the general appearance of the countenance, we could do nothing for her, for we should be unwilling to proceed upon an uncertainty. After much hesitation, she complied; and really I think her beauty had not been overrated. We now clearly saw that the motion of the vessel had caused her to become sea sick; and well knowing that rest and quiet would be the best means of restoring her, we thought we might venture to administer that which would certainly do her no harm, if it failed of doing good. We changed to have with us a small caddy of a peculiar kind of an exquisitely flavored green tea, called the Emperor's bloom. We made a cup of this ready, and put in it some white sugar candy, which we had also brought from China; and having a goat on board which supplied us with milk, we produced a cup of tea for the princess, which we handed to her. She was a little over 30 years, many an old lady of my acquaintance in England would walk ten miles to procure. This we carried to her; but she immediately said she did not like the appearance of it, and then wished each of us to taste it. We did so; and then she enquired if ladies ever drank it. We told her that it almost exclusively belonged to them, and that gentlemen generally received it at their hands. She then wished to know if the royal family ever drank it? This question being satisfactorily answered, she raised the cup to her lips; but scarcely had tasted a drop of this delicious beverage, when she dashed cup, saucer, spoon and all upon the floor; and with her beautiful countenance changed into the most hideous contortions, exclaimed, "Ye monsters, you poison me!" This to us was really amazing, that a cup of the very finest green tea, prepared with rich milk and sugar, should have caused her to so change her countenance and betray such extreme dislike; but she afterwards said, that never had anything half so nauseous entered her lips. Accordingly I made up my mind, and have since had many reasons to adhere to it, that we should always be as tolerant to our fellow beings in respect to tastes in eating and drinking, as we should be in matters of political and religious opinion.

Towns and Cities.—Some of the other towns are Aden, Bassora, Muscat, Derrya, Sina, Medina, Mecca, and Bagdad. Aden is the ancient port of the Phoenicians. Bassora is the Balsora of the poet Milton, and contains about 20,000 inhabitants. It stands at the entrance to India.

Mohammed's Coffin.—The city of Medina is celebrated as the burial place of the prophet; and his coffin, which was never placed under ground, rests upon a marble slab, and is covered with a new richly embroidered carpet every year. There is a belief in the minds of many, (how or when it originated I cannot tell), that Mohammed's coffin is suspended in the air by some mysterious power; but this story is far from being correct; and such an idea would be laughed at in Medina.

Caravans to Mecca.—Mecca is the great metropolis of the Mohammedans; and although its resident population amounts to about 15,000 persons, still when the pilgrims arrive, there are as many as from three to five hundred thousand encamped around the city. At such times it is extremely lively and animated; but in ordinary times Mecca is a dull uninteresting place. Mohammed well knew that unless some inducements were offered to his followers for undertaking this long journey, it would soon have fallen into neglect; so he allowed them to carry on a traffic by the way; and thus by bringing together the different commodities from various parts of the world, a great trade is carried on, which proves generally to be very profitable to those who engage in it. But these pilgrimages conduce little to piety or devotion; for the Arabs have a proverb which runs thus: "If your neighbor has been twice to Mecca, suspect him; if he has been three times make haste to remove out of his neighborhood." I once fell in with one of the caravans journeying to Mecca, and being myself habited as a Mohammedan, wearing a long beard and speaking Arabic fluently, I was asked no questions, but naturally taken to be a follower of the false prophet. I therefore engaged in conversation with a man from Morocco; and after some time I proposed to him this question: "Did you ever suspect, that there is no real piety in making this pilgrimage?" He seemed surprised, but replied that he had not. Now said I, "You esteem fasting to be necessary to this duty." He replied in the affirmative. "And the fast prescribed by the Koran is from sunrise to sunset. Now, said I, "suppose I should convince you that there are certain portions of the globe where this would be impossible, where the people who attempted this fast, would all certainly perish." Accordingly I showed him by a set of tables, which I had previously constructed, that in the polar regions the sun shines for six months, and is then obscured for the other half of the year. He saw plainly that this was true, and suffering the caravan to go to Mecca without him, he returned to Morocco not so good a Mohammedan as before.

Mohammedan Power.—After the death of Mohammed, Omar, his successor, took Bagdad, the renowned seat of the Khalifs; subjugated Syria; then went into Egypt, entered Alexandria, and burned the library; passing from thence, he subdued all the valley of the Nile, and carried his conquest to the straits of Gibraltar. Passing into Europe, Spain and Portugal fell under the sway of the Khalifs. They next conquered Hindoo-

stan; and, passing to the larger islands, brought Borneo, Sumatra, and Java under their control. Conquering all the East, they carried their dominion to the very walls of China itself. Thus did their power become even more extensive than the power of Rome itself, when in the greatest splendor. But this very extent of empire has tended to cause its downfall. It has been beautifully said by our Shakespeare:

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperses to nought.
So with this power as with every other great nation, it has its time of infancy, its period of adolescence, of manhood, of maturity, of old age, of decay, and of death. This power is now rapidly decaying, and is every year becoming weaker and weaker.

ANOTHER LABORER GONE.

BROTHER LUTHER CRAWFORD, Corresponding Secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, died at his residence in Brooklyn, L. I., on Wednesday, Feb. 13th, after an illness of about four weeks. His age was a little over 32 years. His loss will be deeply felt by the church, and especially by the Board of Home Missions. We make the following extract from a brief sketch of his life and character in the Gospel Witness:

He was born in Alexandria, N. H., on the 14th day of Nov. 1806. He professed religion twelve years since, at the New Hampton Institution, in the state of N. H. He afterwards pursued a liberal education at Brown University. After graduating, he was ordained, but not immediately settled as a pastor, but was engaged one or two years, as a Sabbath School Agent, in the state of Rhode Island.

It was while thus employed, that he received a call to settle with the First Baptist Church in Portsmouth New Hampshire. He continued with that church, as their pastor, about two years: when he received and accepted an appointment, by the A. B. H. M. S., as associate Secretary with Dr. Gung. He was thus engaged about two years—when the Senior Secretary resigned his office, and our brother was appointed Corresponding Secretary of the Society. It was while thus employed that he was taken sick about 14 weeks since.

A few words as to his character. As to his mind—his understanding was clear. Those who were associated with him, as members of the executive board of the A. B. H. M. S. know well how wise he was in council, and how prudent in action.

The blessing of the peace maker was always his. No unkind remarks escaped from his lips. He was a mediator between brethren. And knowing that a soft answer turneth away wrath, he was accustomed to use the language of entreaty. He was cautious of wounding the feelings of others; and when his own were injured, he did not cherish the spirit of retaliation.

He was no trumpeter of his own talents or services. But few public men labored more indefatigably than did he. Besides performing the numerous duties connected with his office, he was accustomed to preach nearly every Sabbath. He was benevolent, and ready to every good word and work. If a plan of charity was presented to his notice, and he thought it would be beneficial, he was prepared to promote it; especially did his charitable disposition make him liberal to the poor.

He was of a remarkably even temper. His appearance in company was not ceremonious, but pleasant and cheerful; in a word, he was an open, conversable and an entertaining companion; a polite gentleman, and a consistent Christian. His labors as a minister, are known to many. Few pastors preached more frequently, more acceptably, or more successfully. His style of preaching was practical, original, and energetic.

A description of the closing scene of this good man's pilgrimage, may be expected.

Soon after he was taken sick his disease assumed a dangerous violence, and in a few days, it was supposed that he could not live. He was informed of the fact. Afterwards he observed, that he had been examining his hope in Christ, and his call to the ministry, and had come to the conclusion, that he was prepared for eternity.

On a certain Tuesday night, he exclaimed, O God never appeared so glorious to me before. Mrs. C. then asked him, if he did not feel, that he should like to go and dwell with him? Oh yes, said he, who would not like to dwell with him?

He then observed, that God had manifested himself to him in a wonderful manner during his sickness.

He had felt more than he could express, the state of his mind had been such, that he could not reflect much, but he had experienced consolations which he never had experienced before. On being asked how he felt about recovering, he said, he had good courage about getting well for several days; but, if he was called to die, he felt willing to go; that the fear of death was taken away from him; he had not the dread of death which he formerly had. He remarked, that he had been unrepentant, but he was not, he was willing that God should order all things in relation to him, as he thought best.

He felt that it would be delightful, to soar away and dwell with his Saviour forever. While conversing, his countenance was full of expressions of joy. Shortly after this, Mrs. C. going to his bedside, he was asked if he knew her. Yes, said he, I know my wife, and I hope I shall know her in heaven. Mrs. C. observed she hoped they should meet in heaven. O yes, we shall, was his reply,—for he that doeth the will of God, the same shall be saved.

Mrs. C. being about to retire for a little while, she said to him, that she wished to bid him good night;—he replied good night my dear wife,—may you have pleasant dreams about the Lamb of God;—He was the first, to dispel the darkness of the tomb. Wednesday evening, he said, he had many times had it on his mind, to speak of the goodness of God, who was a friend to him who had no helper. He expressed the most sincere gratitude for the kindness of friends to him, in his affliction. At noon of the same day, he was thought to be dying; his wife asked him if he knew her,—he answered, why yes,—it is my own precious wife. He continued weak after this, in a very feeble state of body and mind; but never terrified at death. And when, being told within a few days, by his attendant physicians, that he could not live, he was not in the least agitated. He observed, that he could die as easily as he could go to sleep.

On Wednesday, A. M., he observed that he should not live the day out. He then made some remarks about his funeral. A few hours afterwards he gently fell asleep in Jesus.

His spirit has ascended to God, and his flesh rests in hope of a glorious resurrection.

From the New Haven Record.

TOO MUCH PREACHING.

The topic of this article may startle some people; but it is best for the truth to be known. After considerable observation and reflection, the firm conviction has been forced upon the mind of the writer, that both the churches and the ministers in this State are suffering from an excess of preaching.

The ministers are suffering. Cases of throat and lung complaints among the clergyman, arising from too much public speaking, are constantly multiplying. It is a fact generally known, yet strictly true, that no small part of those who begin to preach the Gospel, are obliged after a time to give out, from absolute inability to endure the labor imposed upon them. The churches should know these things. Men who would be shocked with the thought of using a beast cruelly, make no scruple of requiring of a minister that which is most certainly shortening his life. The only way of putting an end to this needless state of things, is, to tell the churches frankly, "You do not consider; you do not remember that your ministers are men, and like other men are destroyed by excessive labor."

As a general rule, a clergyman cannot preach more than twice on the Sabbath, without undermining his health, and laying the foundation for an early death. Some may do it; some have done it; but most cannot. Wesley's charge to his conferences was the result of much practical wisdom. "Don't let your preachers," said he, "speak more than twice on the Sabbath; for, if you do, you will certainly destroy them." Have not some of our congregations been unintentionally guilty of destroying their pastors?

The churches also are suffering from too much preaching. The character of their piety, notwithstanding the revivals which have blessed our land, it is much to be feared is declining from year to year. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? With three sermons on the Sabbath, they have little or no time for thought and serious meditation on what they have heard. To use a homely phrase, "what goes in at one ear goes out at the other." The notion is becoming more and more prevalent, that growth in grace is to be obtained by hearing, not by thinking and praying. Hence the increasing number of thoughtless Christians—of ignorant Christians—of inconsistent Christians.

The writer is happy to find that he is not alone in this opinion. A writer in the Quarterly Christian Spectator for February, 1838, whose preaching has been eminently successful, remarks as follows: "It is a fact, that revivals, fifteen or twenty years ago, were signalized by a more awful sense of the character and presence of God,—by more humbling views of the depravity of the heart, by more joyful hopes of salvation—by deeper solemnity in the converts, and by a much longer duration. It is equally true, that our public meetings were then less frequent; there were not so many sermons; Christians were urged to closer duties, and felt that the kingdom of God cometh not with observation, but was within them. The music was on the track. And the same thing holds in self-culture. Somebody has said that every well-educated man is self-educated; and he said not amiss. Even in universities the mind is its own great cultivator. Do for yourself, young reader, so far as you know how, what there is perhaps no kind friend or teacher to do for you. It may be, while you read this page, in your shop or garret, or by the dim light beside some greasy counter, that you would gladly have a lift above your present low pursuits, into the world of knowledge. O that I were near you, to give you such aid as I have; but in lieu of this take a friend's advice. My good fellow, write down that wish. I say, write it down. Go now and take a fair piece of paper, record your determination to get knowledge. My word for it—all experience for it—you will not be disappointed. There are probably not many books at your command, but no matter. Many wealthy young men, amidst thousands of volumes, pine away in useless ignorance. Sometimes we read with a double zeal such things as we have to enjoy by stealth—after hours of work, or before day. What is thus read sticks fast.

And so it should be now. A sermon should be thought of, and talked about, till it is firmly impressed upon the memory and made part of the mind's furniture. How much might be done by every Christian father to cultivate habits of attention in his children, and to treasure up in their minds a store of correct sentiment, would he only make it a settled practice to interrogate them on the Sabbath evening, upon what they had heard during the day. What an evident advantage, moreover, to himself, to familiarize his mind with the important truths to which he had listened. But all this is impossible, where three services are held; for the greater part of the evening is employed in attending public worship, and the fatigue arising from such an over-abundance of preaching renders serious thought, in common cases, out of the question. The family, instead of having a few important truths deeply fixed in their minds, retire to rest wearied and confused, only to prepare after another week, for a similar injudicious and comparatively profitless round.

Is this wise? Is it right?

In this connection, it will be proper to quote an extract from the letter of a medical gentleman, of considerable celebrity, upon the subject, which the writer has been permitted to see.

"President Dwight, who had a powerful voice and a strong constitution, thought it unsafe for any man to preach three times in a day. If a minister will make the whole service of the forenoon and afternoon not to exceed an hour and a quarter each, he may venture upon a short evening service in a small room and easy to speak in. I have, however, observed one thing, and that is, I do not remember to have known any person who has broken down his strength by severe labor in preaching, who has ever recovered it. It seems almost like suicide, only that it is the result of ignorance."

METHODISTS.—The whole number of members in the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, is 729,625. Total increase last year, from Dec. 1837 to Dec. 1838, 59,272.

WHISKEY FOR THE MINISTER.—A correspondent of the Religious Herald, Richmond, Va., relates the anecdote below, and we have no reason to doubt its correctness. We must premise, that the "Black Rock Baptists," so called at the South, are a party whose consciences are very tender upon the subject of benevolent efforts by the churches, and who cannot possibly find any scriptural sanction for such combinations as Missionary Societies, Temperance Societies, &c. The circumstance here related is in good keeping with such scruples:

Mr. Editor,

Last week, I met a boy with a jug in his hand, and upon my asking where he was going, he replied, "Mr. C. is to preach at our house to-morrow, and I am going for a jug of whiskey." Mr. C. is a Black Rock Baptist, and was to preach at the house of a member. Now, Mr. Editor, have we not reason to blush, that after all our Temperance efforts, there are still some Baptists who cannot worship God comfortably, without a little of the "good creature." This incident reminds me of what happened with me, many years ago. After preaching at the house of a sister, I stood to dinner. When dinner was announced, the lady of the house apologized to us for having no liquor. I told her I was glad of it, as I had joined the Temperance Society. "Well," (said she,) as you approve of my having none, I will tell you why it is so. I have always been in the habit of sending for a little, when I expected to be visited by a preacher. But yesterday, I overheard one of my servants exclaiming that he should get a dram, because the preacher would be here; and I thought I would disappoint him." If Mr. C. should see this, I hope he will be induced to instruct his flock hereafter not to provide the creature among their arrangements for religious worship.

The class to which the above mentioned minister belongs, are sometimes, in Virginia, called "Rather Brethren." The origin of this singular appellation is thus explained in another column of the Herald. A few years since, one of these brethren, at a prayer meeting, was reading the 1st chapter of the 2d Epistle of Peter. After reading the 10th verse, he stopped to make some comments. The verse reads as follows:—"Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure." &c. In reading it, he left out the comma after the word rather, and evidently understood the word brethren in the third person instead of the second; for in concluding upon it he remarked, that these rather brethren, he supposed, were a rather superior order in the church, especially as Paul said they were very diligent! This enlightened exposition gained him the appellation of the rather brother, and when he became the head of a party that broke off from the regular Baptists, all who went with him were also called "Rather Brethren." We should suppose that these rather brethren must be rather particularly opposed to Education Societies.—Christian Secretary.

From the Newark Daily Advertiser.

MAKE READING AGREEABLE.

Set a boy to read a large book through, for a task, and you kill the book's influence on him. But spread works before him, and let a little childish caprice govern his choice, and he will learn rapidly. It is not instruction merely that the young scholar wants; there is a great mistake; no, it is excitement. Excitement is that which drives his soul on, as really as steam does the engine. But then you must keep him on the track. And the same thing holds in self-culture. Somebody has said that every well-educated man is self-educated; and he said not amiss. Even in universities the mind is its own great cultivator. Do for yourself, young reader, so far as you know how, what there is perhaps no kind friend or teacher to do for you. It may be, while you read this page, in your shop or garret, or by the dim light beside some greasy counter, that you would gladly have a lift above your present low pursuits, into the world of knowledge. O that I were near you, to give you such aid as I have; but in lieu of this take a friend's advice. My good fellow, write down that wish. I say, write it down. Go now and take a fair piece of paper, record your determination to get knowledge. My word for it—all experience for it—you will not be disappointed. There are probably not many books at your command, but no matter. Many wealthy young men, amidst thousands of volumes, pine away in useless ignorance. Sometimes we read with a double zeal such things as we have to enjoy by stealth—after hours of work, or before day. What is thus read sticks fast.

CONDITION OF WOMEN IN FRANCE.—A great misfortune of French villages is the degradation of the women by the labors which belong to men. In their early infancy they drive the flocks, and gather the harvest. You see the older women bent to the earth like machinery, or loaded with enormous burdens, like beasts. There are countries in France where they are attached to the plough like an ox. Their skin becomes wrinkled, their features masculine, and they fall into a premature decrepitude, more hideous than that of old age. Nothing can be more dirty and unhealthy than the interior of a cottage. Hens, ducks and hogs dispute the possession of its damp soil. Here it is, however, in the midst of the grunting of animals that every evening, two human beings, a male and female, come to rest themselves from their fatigues. There no one welcomes them, nothing agreeable meets their eye, the table is empty, and the hearth is cold. And here too other labors await the woman, and before thinking of her husband's supper, and the care of her children, she must take care of the stable and give food to the beasts. The degradation of the woman is proof of the brutality of the men, and brutalization of the men is the reaction of the degradation of the women.

THE ATHENIAN CONVERT.

BY REV. E. H. CHESSEY, A. M.

Among those who listened to the stirring eloquence of the Apostle, was a young man of noble family, the only son of the city Archon. At first he was insensibly interested with the peculiar dignity, the unwonted zeal, and manly eloquence of the speaker. Gradually the light of the great argument he was illustrating, broke in upon his mind. He felt how sadly the wild theories and dreams of philosophy had veiled from his soul the light of truth. The love and terror of his heart had burned for immortality. Gifted with high intellectual powers, and with affections alive to the sweet influences of the grand and beautiful in nature, he had turned away from the creed of the Epicureans, which denied him immortality, and till now, had yearned—vainly yearned—for some faith in which his hopes could rest.

The eloquent and persuasive argument of the Apostle—the glorious truth of Christ crucified, which he had proclaimed in the synagogue and in the market-place, had lifted the veil, and let in upon his soul the light of immortality. It was like the beam light which fell upon the face of the sleeping Patriarch—it opened to him the glories of the heavenly world.

The Apostle spoke his mission. Some turned away in the pride of intellect and the scorn of unbelief. Some had listened with the sneer of contempt, and passed from the humble ambassador of salvation to seek again the pleasures of luxury and pride. Some few had felt a conviction of the sublimity of the truths which he announced, and sought further acquaintance with the creed he professed. We trace the young man whose heart had yielded to the new truth of Christ crucified. The first struggle of light with darkness had passed away. The strong hold of error and prejudice was loosened from the heart, and truth, like a ministering angel, spread her wings around him. The Holy Ghost had set upon his soul the seal of peace and joy, and henceforth his heart and life were consecrated to the Lord.

The sun was sinking slowly from his pavilion in the west. His lingering gaze yet hung upon the pillared structure of the Parthenon, and the marble temples of the Acropolis. Upon a green bank, just within the shade of a grove, sacred to Minerva, were seated the Athenian Convert, and Ianthe his betrothed bride. Around them were the storied mountains, the sacred wood, and the streams which the song of the bard and the romance of the poet had consecrated. The glories of Athens, the renowned—the light of Greece, the resort of the learned and the gay—were before them. The sound of the city's busy life and stir, mingled with deep and solemn music of the under-swell of the distant sea, came to their listening ears.

Ianthe spoke: "You can tell me, Cælius, of a religion which brings immortality. You say that when the soul quits its earthly abode, it still lives, and will live with renovated powers and enlarged capacities for purity and joy forever. Is this the new philosophy you have learned from the man whose eloquence and fervor you so glowingly describe?"

"Yes, dear Ianthe, so we believe. We are told assuredly, that 'this corruptible shall put on incorruption and this mortal shall put on immortality.'"

"You remember, my Cælius, my young sister, Iphigene, who died some summers since, when the flowers were beautiful, and the bright earth breathed forth her sweet incense. Even then, there were vague thoughts in my heart that we should meet again. I felt when she died, that

"The beautiful vanished, and returns not," but when I afterwards looked upon her calm face, over which had gone the change that passeth over all, I felt assured that there would be a re-union in some far and better world."

"And so it must be. Among the last sad words of him who gave his life a ransom for the lost, he told his followers that he went to provide for them a mansion, where they might dwell forever with him and the souls of those whom his suffering life and ignominious death had purchased from their sins. Immortal life—exemption from the weakness and sorrow of the present being—and the glorious communion of kindred souls will be ours!"

"And I can believe it, my beloved Cælius. It is such a faith as the yearning heart most needs, when it has been rebuked by the unrest, and wounded by the sorrows of the present world."

In such converse, the hour of twilight wore to its close. Already had the song of melody been hushed in the grove, and the evening star gone up upon its watch when the Athenian convert and Ianthe returned to the city. May we not believe that the angels of heaven, who rejoice over the returning sinner, but with joy from their glorious habitation, and smiled benignly upon this youthful pair, who, amid the allurements of wealth, the pride of place, and the corrupting maxims of so-called philosophy, had thus early yielded their hearts to the blessed truth of Christ crucified?

The creed of the Epicurean philosopher denied both the resurrection of the body, and the immortality of the soul. To this creed we have said, Cælius could not confess. He felt too deeply, that the very aspirations and longings he cherished in his soul, claimed for it a richer boon than earth could give. No sneering argument from the Porch, nor labored reasoning of the schools were able to convince him that the soul would perish, when the garment which was folded around it, fell faded and worn. He felt within him the consciousness that it could not die; the glorious impulse, the far-reaching aspiration, that full and perfect comprehension of what is grand in nature, and divine in genius—which give the life to the cold creed of annihilation.

For the intellectual and more divine speculations of Plato, he had felt something of a sympathy and a passion; but in these was doubt which no reasoning could remove, and uncertainty which no ardor of faith could banish.

the most learned and noble families of the city, he had anticipated his union with her as the brightest event that could dawn upon his prospects. But in these cherished anticipations, there would come the blighting and withering idea, that in a few years the cold grave would close over them, and they would not be!—The fictions of the lying worshippers were vain. The gods of heathen worshipers were not the saviors of the soul! There was no power in the ostentatious rites and splendid ceremonies of his country's religion, to rescue the intellectual and moral part of his nature from the dominion of the grave.

Thus the victim of withering doubt, and yet cherishing the most fervent hopes, Cælius by chance heard, as he was one day passing the market-place, the Apostle announce that, through the gospel, "life and immortality were brought to light." From that time he was a constant attendant upon the ministrations of the Apostle. The simple truths and sublime prospects of Christianity were embraced by him with all the ardor of faith, and with all the confidence of love. He sought an interview with the Apostle. He became an humble disciple at the feet of him whom the philosophy and learning of his native city affected to condemn. He hastened to Ianthe, and finally persuaded her to renounce the prejudices of her former faith, and to worship the one living and true God. The day succeeding the evening in which Ianthe had expressed her conviction of the truth of Christianity, he sought the last interview with the Apostle. He was about to sail for Corinth. His last exhortation to the Athenian Convert, was to "be faithful unto death," and assured his heart with the glorious promise that the Master whom he served would give him a crown of immortal life and glory.

We have only to add, that to this service the Athenian and his beautiful bride remained constant, amid the corruptions of the gay and luxurious city, the temptations and allurements of pleasure, and the contempt and derision of their friends—illustrating, through all the "changes and chances" of life, the transforming influences of the religion of Christ crucified, and recommending the same faith by the purity and innocence of their life and conversation.

Nearly eighteen centuries have gone over that scholar-land, since the simple events transpired, which our tale has recorded. The star of empire has disappeared from the sky of the old world, and now holds the ascendant in the new. Eighteen centuries! The glories of Athens, its wealth, its grandeur, its fame, its learning—all have passed away! The "bright clime of battle and of song" has been given up to the dominion of the spoiler. The foot-prints of the oppressor are visible upon its glorious hills and in the marble streets of its cities. The voice of its oracles is hushed forever, and the song of its poets has died away, in low and indistinct murmurs from its fountains and its streams. The crescent and the minaret of the false prophet are thick among the crumbling shrines and falling temples of its ancient faith, while the ignorant priest deduces the people with the vain shadow of the religion of Christ.

"Yet that scorned word the Apostle preached of yore, Has dawned on every land and guided every shore, And still shall live—eternal and sublime—A beacon-light above the ways of time."

PARIS, November 13th, 1838.
TO JOHN H. COCKE, ESQ.,
President of the American Temperance Union.

My Dear Sir,—I received a kind letter from you a few days previous to my departure from New York, requesting me from time to time to communicate to you any thing of interest relative to the great cause, in the promotion of which we are mutually engaged. I have occasionally written to our Secretary, Mr. Marsh, giving him such information as my rapid movements in England enabled me to gather or observe. After leaving Britain and entering France, I expected of course, to do nothing, as my ignorance of the French language would prevent my approaching most of the influential men; however, having received from the French Consul General, in the United States of America, a letter of introduction to the Aid-de-Camp, near the person of the king, I enclosed it to his address, soon after my arrival in Paris. I received an immediate answer, saying, that his Majesty would see me through our minister, Gen. Cass, who, with great kindness and promptitude at once made the necessary arrangements; and last evening at half past eight, I was introduced by him at the Tuilleries, first to the queen, and the sister of the king, who, with a half dozen ladies in waiting, were seated around a table, engaged in various occupations, the queen in netting articles to sell for the benefit of the poor. Both the queen and the princess addressed me in English, the latter making some kind remarks relating to temperance, which she said was a highly philanthropic effort. The king was not in the apartments when we arrived, but soon entered; when Gen. Cass immediately presented me, and the conversation commenced, by his Majesty's offering to do all in his power to assist my efforts for temperance. I was not a little surprised to find that the king was perfectly well informed on the subject, aware of its importance to all branches of industry, as also of its political and moral value; and more so to find that there was no disagreement in our views on the habitual use of wine. He stated expressly, that the drunkenness of France was occasioned by wine; that in one district of his empire, there was much intemperance origin, but he considered wine the great evil. I took the liberty of asking him, if I had understood him to say, that his opinion was that wine occasioned most of the evils of intoxication in France, and was answered in the same words, "THE DRUNKENNESS OF FRANCE IS ON WINE."

I presume you recollect, that while in Virginia and Washington, some years since, I visited Messrs. Madison, Jackson, and Adams, and obtained their signature to an expression in favor of abstinence from ardent spirits. I named this to his Majesty, and having the medal in my pocket, I showed it to him; he retired to another room, where he sent for me, and read it aloud; and when he returned it to me, said that it was not only true, but well expressed, (you probably know that it was drawn up by our excellent fellow laborer, Dr. Edwards). After this, our conversation continued, by my giving the history of our efforts while confined to ardent spirits, and the cause and necessity of our taking broader grounds, and trying to banish the use of all intoxicating drinks. I submitted on paper to his Majesty, by his permission, a declaration of our present views and principles of action, as follows: "We are satisfied that intoxicating drinks, when used as a beverage by persons in health, are never beneficial, but hurtful, and that to abandon such use would greatly tend to promote the health, virtue, happiness and prosperity of mankind."

This he also read aloud, and immediately said, "That is true. I believe it, and would willingly sign it myself, if I thought that in France it could at present do good." His Majesty then spoke generally of the intemperance of other nations. England, Russia, and Sweden, &c., and his earnest desire appeared to be, that this odious vice might every where cease. He contrasted in the most flattering manner the peculiarly happy condition of our own country, to receive and profit by such a reformation, with the difficulties to be met and overcome in France, and passed a high eulogium on the character of our people.

I stated to the king, that I had been outside the barrier which surrounds Paris, and where the common people resort to drink wine, because there it is free of duty. "Ah," said he, there you will see drunkenness."—And truly I had seen it there, in all its horrors and debasing effects, and chiefly on wine. I told him, that my guide had said that he thought that one eighth of the population of Paris were drunkards; his Majesty thought this too great a proportion. I repeated also another remark made by my guide, "that the king had done much for France when he shut the gambling-houses, but that he would do a still greater good, if he would stop the drinking of intoxicating drinks."

Before closing, I must in justice to my own feelings, express to you, how much I have been indebted to Gen. Cass, our minister to this court. You know that from the commencement of our efforts, he has been greatly interested in this cause, and always ready to give his testimony in favor of it. In my interview with the king, he seconded me most kindly and most faithfully, and to him, under God, I am indebted for the favorable reception I receive. In a day or two I leave for Italy. I hope to return to America some time next year, but shall be governed by circumstances.

Truly and affectionately,
Your friend,
EDWARD C. DELAVAN.

LETTERS FROM BURMAH.
We believe it is generally conceded that the Baptist mission in Burma is among the most successful and best conducted enterprises of the kind known in modern times, and those engaged in it are highly honored for their zeal, devotedness, and singleness of heart in their work. The following letter conveys to us the gratifying information that these excellent brethren have their eyes turned to see and their hearts opened to feel in behalf of the oppressed millions of their own countrymen at home, as well as the less injured but more benighted heathen in their field of labor. The papers ordered will be sent as directed, together with some specimens of our most important publications, especially the Emancipation in the West Indies, Elmore Correspondence, &c. How their hearts will rejoice at the glorious recent news of the outpouring of God's spirit upon their beloved brethren in faith and labor in the island of Jamaica, of which our columns have recently spoken.

TAVOY, August 31, 1838.
Dear Brother Williams,—As some of the Emancipators published by you have found their way to this place, and been read with interest, I have been requested to write for the paper for a number of individuals here, who wish to have it sent to my address. If convenient, I should like to have you send them to Boston, care of Dr. Holmes, free of postage. As there is only a vessel leaving Boston every three or four months, and you can generally know ere they sail, perhaps you will be pleased to send the bundle of papers by some private conveyance so as to avoid the postage. I enclose an order on Hon. H. Lincoln for the amount of one year's subscription, which is all I have been paid for, when you will please discontinue, unless you hear from me again.

I should like to write at large, but have not time. I hope, the time is not far distant, when the oppressed by men or the devil, will be emancipated, and the latter day glory fill the world. The members of our little Zion are in good health at present, and all of us at work endeavoring to aid in the demolition of the empire of darkness. The cause prospers. Wishing and praying that the Lord will prosper and bless you in all your efforts for the spiritual and everlasting benefit of mankind. I am, dear brother, yours,
C. BENNETT.

LETTER OF A MISSIONARY.
The writer of the following letter, Rev. JAMES T. DICKINSON, American missionary to China, was formerly a devoted pastor in Norwich, Ct., until he was drawn, by Christian benevolence, to offer his services to the American Board of F. M. for China. Before he left his charge in this country, he preached and published an admirable sermon on slavery, which, we are glad to see, has recently passed to a second edition. Those who truly feel a benevolent concern for the welfare of heathen nations must feel an equal concern for the wretched slaves at home, would seem to be an unavoidable conclusion. And nothing could prevent the multiplication of such testimonies, but the wanton and systematic misrepresentations with which the religious press in this country has sought to disparage and defeat the efforts of the abolitionists. The same reason, we doubt not, more than any thing he has himself seen, has led our beloved brother Dickinson to express his "notwithstanding" in the strong and indiscriminate, and, as we think, unwarranted terms he has chosen. We, however, choose to do him the justice of giving his letter in full.

SINGAPORE, 6th Oct. 1838.
REV. JOSHUA LEVITT:
My Dear Brother,—I thank you much for "Emancipation in the West Indies," and the pamphlets and papers you had the kindness to send me. I have read the book of Messrs. Thome and Kimball with great delight. Surely the question respecting the safety and utility of immediate emancipation may now be regarded as settled. Had I time and strength, I

should like to write you a long letter on abolition, but I sail for China in a day or two. My heart is with you. I love abolitionists, notwithstanding their faults, many and great. Who knows not that all men and all parties have faults? If I may love none but the perfect, what shall I do with none but the perfect? I remember that Luther, and Knox, and Calvin, and John Milton, the Puritans, and Whitfield, and Wesley, were hated by their contemporaries. I remember that even Clarkson and Wilberforce, the mildest of men, were odious until they triumphed. It is great and good to sacrifice reputation, if need be, upon the altar of benevolence. You do this—for most of you are too obscure to hope for posthumous fame. The world, therefore, so far as reputation is concerned, is dark indeed before you. Contemporaries abhor you—posterity will not know you with the exception of a few names. I speak of course of individual renown. As a party, you cannot be forgotten so long as there is any remembrance enough upon the earth to do reverence to the spirit of the reformers and the puritans. I need not say to you, Go on—the voice of the feeble is not needed to encourage you, when the voice of the mighty have not for a moment made you falter in your course. The cry of the oppressed has come up, and you will not cease to plead their cause. But I must stop for want of time. From Canton you will probably hear from me.

Sincerely yours,
JAMES T. DICKINSON.
SABBATH SCHOOL IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.
At the Park-street Sabbath school, in Boston, Jan. 27, a gentleman was requested to make a few remarks to the children; when he observed, in substance, that he had great reason to feel an interest in Sabbath schools—he hoped they had been the means of his conversion. He had lived regardless of religion, until he was about nineteen years old; he then determined to become a sailor, and he passed through different offices, until he became captain of a ship. During one of his voyages he arrived at the Sandwich Islands. As soon as his ship was anchored, a missionary came on board, and invited him to go and see the Sabbath school. When he came there, he saw a large number of the natives, divided into classes, with their teachers diligently instructing them in the Word of God. His attention was particularly drawn to an old grey-haired man, probably 70 years of age, who was striving with all possible attention to learn the A, B, C; and when he got the sound of two or three letters, he would try to put them together to make a word, so that he might be able to read. At last, he got discouraged and said, "I must give up—I shall never be able to read the Word of God." He was too old, it was too late. The captain said, this affected him to tears—the thought of his own privileges, his neglect of the Bible, when he had been so long able to read it, and the distress of the poor old man, that he should "never be able to read the Word of God"—such reflections as these brought him to the determination that he would neglect the Bible no longer; and he hoped that by the help of the Holy Spirit, he had not studied it in vain.

The captain further observed, that during another voyage he touched at one of the Sandwich Islands, and when he went on shore he found that there was but one missionary there, and he was sick. He observed to the captain, "My dear sir, the Lord is doing a great work here; the people are coming to me from the mountains and the valleys, inquiring what they shall do to be saved. I am sick and cannot go among them, and the Sabbath school teachers have to instruct them as well as they can." This intelligence was communicated to the missionaries on another island, and persons were sent to help the sick missionary in the revival.

The captain further observed, that he had heard so much said against revivals, that some years after this, when he was again at the island, he inquired of the missionary how the new converts held out in their religion, when he told him they were the most exemplary, active Christians in his church.—S. S. Fisk.

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ROMAN CATHOLICS IN THE UNITED STATES.—Dr. England, the Roman Catholic bishop of South Carolina, in a letter written in 1836, but just published, estimated that at least three millions and three quarters of persons whose ancestors belong to that denomination, are to be found in Protestant churches. He remarks that the natural increase of the Catholic population should give them five millions of members, whereas they have less than one million and a quarter. He says:

"The question is not whether the number of Catholics in the country has actually increased; because to answer this you have only to look at the cities, the towns, and country, and every where you have the strongest and most irrefragable evidence of accession of numbers, in thousands who rise up before you. There can be no doubt of the multiplication of missions, and of priests, of the erection of churches, of the opening of colleges, of the creation of monasteries, of the melioration of schools, of the establishing of printing presses, and of the dissemination of books; however injudiciously the publisher may have acted in several instances. I do not, then, mean to say that the number of Catholics is less than it was fifty years ago, nor as small as it was five years since; but I do assert that the loss of numbers to the Catholic church has been exceedingly great, when we take into account the Catholic population at the time of the American Revolution, the acquisition of territory previously occupied by Catholics, the arrival of Catholic emigrants, and the conversions to the Catholic religion."

MORTALITY IN THE WEST INDIES.—It appears from a report of a British medical officer, that in 30 years, more than 30,000 soldiers have perished by the yellow fever and other epidemics peculiar to these islands. Consequently, in this short space of time more than four times the whole force has been cut off by disease alone; and the average duration of every soldier's life has been only seven years and a half.

Melancholy Accident. It is with deep regret we have to notice the death of Mr. John Colby, of Salisbury Point, yesterday forenoon. He was assisting in unloading some heavy timber from some cart wheels, when a stick accidentally slipped and fell upon his head and breast with such weight and force as to crush him instantly to death. His head and breast were literally jammed to pieces.

Newburyport Herald.
Says JONATHAN EDWARDS: It is as really wicked to rob a man of his liberty, as to rob him of his life; and it is much more wicked than to rob him of his property. To hold a man in a state of slavery, is to be every day guilty of robbing him of his liberty, or of man-stealing.

Says SAMUEL HOPKINS: Slavery is in every instance wrong, unrighteous, and oppressive; a very great and crying sin;—there being nothing of the kind equal to it on the face of the earth.

SPEECH OF MR. MORRIS.

ON THE RIGHT OF PETITION.

IN SENATE, January 10th 1839.

Mr. Morris, on presenting the petition of sundry citizens of Brown County, Ohio, said, he had received a petition with the request to present the same separately and alone; it contained the words slavery and slave trade, and those words but once repeated; he feared, however, that it would fall under the practice of the Senate, and meet the same fate that other petitions containing the same words had done; that he would, however, avail himself of the opportunity, in support of the motion he was about to make, to submit a few remarks to the Senate, and which motion he should make in courtesy to the Senate, and not as a right existing in the body to require it. He had before him the constitution and the rules of the Senate, both of which would sustain him in the course which strict duty would require him to take on the present occasion. He would first distinctly state, that he and those who thought with him on this subject, waged no war upon the laws and institutions of the state; the over-grown and unsatisfied power with which they were concerned, had attacked them within their own borders. It was in self-defence, in defence of all that was valuable to the honorable mind, that they were now compelled to act. It was in defence of political liberty, and the important and inherent right of petition, that they felt themselves pressed forward in this contest. And the first question he would consider, was, who have the right of petition? Does it belong to the many, or to the few? Has it any want of exclusiveness in its nature, to prevent its equal enjoyment by all? Will the legislative bodies of the country (and he spoke with reference to states as well as to this government), create an aristocracy of rights, as they had an aristocracy of wealth? Shall the right of petition be tested by color, or by property? Either would be a gross assumption of power, and a palpable violation of right. He considered any human being, capable of acquiring property, and upon whose person the laws could operate, and was susceptible of feeling and suffering, entitled to the full and unrestricted exercise of this right. A contrary doctrine he held to be not only odious, tyrannical and despotic in its nature, but in direct violation of the fundamental principles of our government. Yet this pretended right of judging, by legislative assemblies, who shall petition, is finding advocates. Its exercise is an assumption of power having neither reason, truth, nor common sense for its support. No one has any just right to say, who among our people shall enjoy that right, or for what he shall petition. This unjust claim, he feared, was spreading its baneful and blasting influence through the country, and if newspaper information was to be relied on, was made a solemn question of debate in the Legislature of his own state. Men of talents, worth and respectability, had questioned the right of the colored man to present his petition through the hands of a member, on the ground that he was by the constitution deprived of the right to vote, and of course could not instruct the General Assembly, or any of its members. He deplored that such doctrine had found support in any state; and he had read with feelings of deep mortification and regret, of its advocacy in Ohio. So strange and so absurd did the objection appear to his mind, that he immediately applied to some of his brother Senators here, from the slave states, to know if it was the practice in the General Assemblies of their states to refuse petitions from free persons of color, for the redress of any grievance under which they might suppose they labored, and he was assured such was not the case; but that persons of this description were allowed to petition as other citizens, and their petitions were received as a matter of right. And he asked to be corrected if wrong in this position. Indeed, one gentleman had said to him, "Why, sir, we allow our slaves to persuade us that they ought to be free." The same sir, he noble sentiments, and honorable feelings, worthy of the land of Jefferson, in the day when his hand was penning the Declaration of Independence. A contrary doctrine, however, is now held and advocated by a class of small politicians, who, like insects, have sprung from the corrupt and agitated waters of party spirit and party drill; mere summer flies, who buzz round the circle of power, and draw a precarious and short-lived existence from the putrid mass of prejudice, which interest has created, to keep the colored race in bondage. Politicians who would make the lacerated back of the trembling slave a hobby to ride to office, if no other would suit their purposes as well. He had no language to express his feelings with regard to such men, and the doctrine they held; and it was better perhaps he should not; but he would say, that it must be a most mean and contemptible government which would subject a man to the operation of its laws, tax his property for its support, and then refuse to hear his petition. Such practice would be a refinement of despotism, of which modern Europe could not boast. Yet in some of our free States, this doctrine is advocated, and that too by men who profess to be republicans. It was a republicanism beyond his conception, and one he did not understand; that we should tax a man for the support of government, and then, because he is black, or yellow, have a curly head, a flat nose, or thick lips, a petition from him shall not be received by the Legislature. Government could not, in his opinion, be guilty of a greater act of tyranny and more gross injustice than this. The philosophy and patriotism of the advocates of such doctrines, begin and end in the assertion, that a negro has no constitutional right to petition, because he has not the right of voting at elections; and because he has no political rights, they deny him natural rights. What a bright thought is this; and what morality and philanthropy must dwell in the heart which conceived it—a heart arrogant beyond description, and presumptuous beyond belief. The negro is not only permitted, but invited to approach his Maker by petition, and implore deliverance from existing evils, while his fellow man, who has power over him, refuses to hear his petition, and in the mean time, raises a contribution from his property and labor, to pay the fees of the official station which he fills—not having the right of representation, as a necessary consequence of paying taxes, is a sore grievance; but taxing, without the right of petition is deemed, is gross injustice, and high-handed despotism. Well has it been said, "That man, vain man, dressed in a little brief authority, plays such antics before high heaven, as makes e'en angels weep." Sir, said Mr. M., the advocates of such doctrines as I have mentioned, are, in my belief, lovers of negro slavery, in its worst form; tyrants in heart, and enemies to the human race. This monstrous doctrine, he feared, most abounded in the free states; but he trusted its mushroom growth would be of short duration. It was a public prop indignantly applied by public hands, to sustain the tottering institution of slavery. He remarked that the Senate, from what he had said, must not suppose that he was about to present a petition from any of the colored people. No! this was not the case. The petition was from free white citizens of his own state, residents of the county of Brown, many of whom he knew personally, and could bear witness to their respectability and patriotism. They were persons of piety and intelligence; not fanat-

ics or incendiaries, but men who loved their country, and what they would that others should do unto them, they were willing to do unto others; and though some of the signers were ladies, he considered that as giving the petition additional force.

LEGISLATURE OF OHIO. THE SER-VILE BILL PASSED!!
The Cross and Baptist Banner, of March 1, published at Columbus, says,
"The Fugitive bill has passed both Houses of the Legislature, by large majorities, in favor of which, we presume, will be perfectly satisfactory to the wishes of Kentucky. According to its provisions, every one who harbors, or in any way aids a fugitive slave, is subject to a penalty of five hundred dollars, and ten days imprisonment. The passage of the bill was warmly opposed by a few, especially in the Senate where the discussion was prolonged on one occasion through the whole night, until 7 o'clock in the morning. With regard to the practical effects of the bill, we have no doubts about its accomplishing the object intended. We should be surprised if the severity of the penalties will not, in most cases, prevent their inflection; at any rate, we think many slaves will escape as formerly."

SLAVERY "IN ITS MILDEST FORM."
Such Henry Clay considers the Slavery in the District of Columbia, of which the following account may give us some idea. What, then, is Slavery in its severest form? Surely, great men are not always wise.—Well may the poet say—
"Urchin thought! on what pretence so'er Of right inherited, or else acquired, Of loss, or profit, or what plea you name, To buy, and sell, to barter, whip and hold In chains, a being of celestial make!"

Thought villainous, absurd, detestable, Unworthy to be harbored in a FIBER."
NEWS FROM WASHINGTON.
"And judgment is turned away backward—justice standeth afar off; for truth has fallen in the streets, and equity cannot enter."—Isaiah 59—14.
Extract from a letter from Washington relating a circumstance which occurred there on the 30th day of January, a few days preceding the Speech of Henry Clay upon the subject of slavery.
"Blow the trumpet upon every house-top. Run to and fro in the land. Let every man tell it to his neighbor, and women to the children," that on 30th of January, 1839, in the capital of the United States, in sight of the halls of Congress, upwards of 30 human creatures—men, women, and children—persons of color—slaves—were taken from the slave prison in this city, (namely the city hall, as it is sometimes improperly called), and marched off as property to be shipped at Baltimore, for the southern market.

The order of march was, first, the baggage-wagon with half-a-dozen negroes immediately behind, some apparently hanging upon it for support. Next came ten or dozen women, apparently with arms lashed two and two, but probably fastened together with irons. Then followed the men, about thirty in number, chained together, two and two, by the wrists. Both women and men marched two abreast; but whether a leading chain passed through the middle or not could not well be seen. By the side of the mournful group, rode on horseback, a warrior (or monster), with a large loaded riding-whip in his hand, in the same manner in which drivers drive horses, mules, hogs to market. The procession in the view of the halls of Congress, as if in defiance of the power of that body, the Constitution and laws, and as if to insult and outrage the feelings of members from free states;—the master-spirit of the scene (power of slavery), proudly saying, in language not to be misunderstood, and in scorn of the constituted authorities of the nation, "All your boasted rights, powers, and privileges, are under my feet; see the handcuffs upon my fettered slaves. They are the bond of your Union. Touch them, and your Union will be dissolved as with chiasm." Great God! is this the condition of our country? is the bond of our Union the iron that enters into the soul of the slave? Are the forging of his manacles, the breeding of his children, like the breeding of hogs for the market, to be made a staple business in the operations of a country? and is silence to be imposed upon this horrible and infernal traffic which may be carried on without hindrance? Yes! silence is imposed. Even members of Congress seem afraid to speak their thoughts on this shameful affair. Slave politicians! who have crawled into power over the putrescence and stench of slavery—can these things continue? Will not the accursed traffic bring down upon our otherwise beloved country, the righteous judgments of heaven? It is the slaveholder, the slave breeder, the slave trader, who is working the dissolution of our Union. The groans, the blood of the slave, like a continual dropping, are wearing away the foundation-stones on which our temple of liberty rests!"

"Shall tongues be mute, when deeds are wrought Which well might shame extremest hell? Shall freedom lock her 'indignant thought? Shall mercy's bosom cease to swell? Shall honor bleed?—shall truth succumb? Shall pen, and press, and soul be dumb?"

LATE FROM ALABAMA.—A New York merchant, travelling early this winter through the state of Alabama, had the curiosity, while waiting for the stage, to step into a hut, a few rods from the roadside. It was near midnight, and very cold, and quite a bright light was gleaming from the windows, there seemed a promise of comfort than was to be found at a country tavern. He lifted the latch, and found before him a slave family, except the father, who, like the son of the patriarch of old, was not; the mother was making a few of a little sticks, while on the hearth without an article of clothing—with even the straw usually allowed to the negro lay a number of slave children, their feet in the ashes, their heads resting on the stones of the hearth; surely, the "mercies" of slaveholding "are cruel."

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY
Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts:
A PROCLAMATION.

FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC
FASTING, HUMILIATION, AND PRAYER.

WHEREAS, the season of the year has arrived, at which it has for a long time been customary in this Commonwealth, to set apart a day for PUBLIC RELIGIOUS EXERCISES, I do, in conformity with this ancient and salutary practice, with the advice and consent of the Council, appoint THURSDAY, the twenty-eighth day of the present month, to be observed as a day of Fasting, Humiliation, and Prayer.

The people of the Commonwealth are requested to lay aside their accustomed occupations on that day, and, assembling in their usual places of Public Worship, unite in appropriate acts and expressions of Penitence and Supplication.

Let us on this occasion make humble confession of our aggravated sins, as individuals and as a community, and supplicate forgiveness of a merciful and just God, through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

And while by sincere penitence we seek to obtain the pardon of our past offences, let us improve the continued mercies of our Heavenly Father; more especially,

That He would vouchsafe to us the accustomed blessings of Providence through the year that is opening upon us, and direct to the supply of our wants the wonderful elements and agencies of the natural world, which, touched by his omnipotent hand, is again starting into life;

Let us supplicate His blessing on our beloved country, that He would be pleased, notwithstanding our unworthiness and ingratitude, to continue to us the privileges which have hitherto distinguished us as a people;

That He would in a special manner, watch over our ancient Commonwealth;

That He would prosper the people in all the branches of honest industry;

That He would give efficacy to all the means and instruments of reformation, benevolence and knowledge;

And that He would increase the influence of Divine Truth over the hearts and minds of men, and make it powerful to correct, purify, and elevate the character of the people, so as to render them more worthy of his blessings, and the heirs of an immortal hope through Jesus Christ.

And I earnestly recommend that the observance of the day be regarded not as an empty form, but as an incumbent duty; and that it be kept in all respects with the seriousness becoming the objects of its appointment.

GIVEN at the Council Chamber in Boston, this first day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine, and of the Independence of the United States the sixty-third.

EDWARD EVERETT,
By His Excellency the Governor, with the advice and consent of the Council.

JOHN P. BIGELOW,
Secretary of the State.

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

INTERESTING INTELLIGENCE FROM THE EAST.—A Vidette Express from Houlton arrived at Bangor, on Saturday, with despatches from General Hodson to Governor Fairfield, which were immediately forwarded by Express to Augusta. The information they convey is, that Sir John Harvey was making preparations to take possession of Mars Hill. He had despatched a body of engineers, supported by eight companies of regular troops, to lay out a road to the Hill and erect fortifications there. Two of the companies had already reached Fredericton. Mars Hill is within the State of Maine, two miles to the West of the line running due North from the Monument. It is near this point that the undisputed boundary terminates. The Americans insist that the line continues thence due North, but the British assert that it diverges thence in a southerly direction, and runs between the head waters of the St. John and those of the Penobscot and Kennebec. This intelligence excited great feeling at Bangor. Four companies of General Hodson's detachment were to march from Houlton, on the 8th, and the remaining five companies on the 11th. Their destination was the mouth of the Presque Isle, a stream that flows into the Aroostook, on letter G, about ten miles higher up than the lowest position taken up by Mr. Jarvis. Several companies have already reached there, and huts for the accommodation of the troops had been erected at that point, beyond which they will not proceed for the present.

The only road leading into the disputed territory from the British side has been stopped up by Mr. Jarvis, for some five or six miles, by trees felled across it; while the British have been equally vigilant and active, by filling it up on their side of the line by similar obstructions. The ingress by either party into the enemy's country by this way is entirely prevented; and when the Aroostook river breaks up, there will remain no opening through which the army could march into the valley of that river.

Orders have been received at Bangor for a supply of provisions for 5,000 men for three months.

Gen. Scott was to leave Augusta on Tuesday. He would endeavor to have an interview with Sir John Harvey.—*Bost. Trans.*

THE CHANCE OF WAR.—A correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce writes: "Mr. Fox, the British Minister, dined with Mr. Poinsett, on Tuesday, and remarked at table that he had not a shadow of doubt that the difficulties between the two countries could, and would, be adjusted without war. I know it to be the opinion of Mr. Adams, Mr. Legare, and Mr. Cushing, whom I place at the very head of our Legislators, for knowledge of diplomacy, that there will be no war. I mean the Legislators of the House of Representatives."

The same correspondent says, that if any Special Ambassador is sent to England, it will not be Mr. Calhoun, nor Mr. Webster, but Mr. Buchanan, or Mr. Marcy.

ENCOURAGING.—The Baptist Register copies the letter of W. R. Hayes from Barbadoes, with some appropriate remarks.—The Editor says, "Though we are friendly to emancipation, and immediate emancipation, we are not ultraists."

Good!—The very head and front of our "ultraism" was our "immediatism," a year or two since. We were not aware that we or any body else, had got beyond that;—but if it be so, it is cheering to see even moderate men following so close behind! *Friend of Man.*

Christian Reflector.

"Charity rejoiceth in the Truth."

WORCESTER:

FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1839.

CONGRESS.

However others may regard it, we believe that the Supreme Legislature of a nation is amenable to God for its conduct, and as strictly so as the humblest citizen. If the War spirit is not to be indulged by an individual, the same spirit is wrong in Congress.

If I may not seize a cudgel and beat my neighbor, when he encroaches upon my territory, but must seek redress for the wrong he does me, by an appeal to the constituted authorities, so Congress may not righteously cudgel off those who encroach upon our national territory, but ought to appeal to a HIGHER POWER.

If here it is objected that the government of God over the world is not acknowledged by nations, and therefore, it is foolish to talk of an appeal to Him in such case, let the objector consider that the same objection may be raised and urged by individuals against their appeal to any higher authority than themselves, viz. that they are both rebels against the government of the state, and therefore they are doing morally right to settle their quarrel by the power of the cudgel. This is the real "No Government" system.

If "the powers that be are ordained of God," and, therefore, ought to be obeyed, surely God himself ought to be obeyed, He being the source of all rightful authority. But the truth is, the pretended Divine authority of human government, in the mouths of most men, is nothing more than a pretence, got up for the express purpose of blinding the people, in order that the human government may be allowed to do, under cover of this assumption, what God prohibits.

This subject at this crisis ought to be thoroughly examined, that every citizen may know whether it is his duty to obey man rather than God.

Our Congress have done much the same thing as to declare war with Great Britain; and for what cause? Why, some of the subjects of the British government have encroached a little on a piece of land about which a dispute has long existed whether it properly belongs to one or the other nation. It once belonged to the Indians, and they have never given a deed of it to either nation. This is a quarrel then between two robbers about a certain minute remnant of the booty which they have conspired to wrest from its rightful owners. This is the plain English of it, and now we are going to war, to the cudgels, about it to reap a harvest of glory in the field of blood.

Go ye who will. We will have no part nor lot in all this ungodly contest.

Another point. At the close of the late session, Congress had the daring to encroach on the sacred Sabbath, an institution of God, on which he has forbidden all men to transact worldly business, requiring that all men keep the day holy. The excuse that they had not finished the business of the session on Saturday, and that they must do this on the Sabbath or leave it undone, is just as valid as the excuse of two mechanics in partnership who might have engaged to finish a certain job by the fourth of March, and because they, through negligence and useless wrangling with each other during the winter, had not completed it on Saturday, they claimed the right to desecrate holy time in order to fulfill their engagement. In order to show the validity of such excuse, they, both the mechanics and the Congress, must prove that they had not a previous engagement on hand, which they had agreed with God to fulfill on that Sabbath. If they object that they had entered into no such engagement to keep the Sabbath holy, they only show that they repudiate the authority of God who has required this of them. And has it, indeed, come to be admitted by Christians that our nation neither owes nor owes any allegiance to God? Have we then as a nation actually become Atheistic? Is He, whom our fathers acknowledged as their Deliverer and their Sovereign, in fact no longer recognized as having any just claim to our observance of His institutions? If so, our days are well numbered, and the curse which blasted Egypt and overthrew Babylon and scattered Jerusalem, is about to be visited upon rebellious America.

The Sabbath is disregarded, not at the Capitol only, but already throughout the land. On the last "Lord's Day," soldiers were marching towards the theatre of war, dragging through our streets "infernal engines."—Some twenty five cannon passed through this town that day.

Reader, stop here and inquire into the true nature of war, its origin, its object, and its means. "Whence come wars and fightings among you?" Does war originate in that charity which endureth all things and is kind, gentle, easy to be entreated? Or does it spring from the malignant passions, from the very worst and most degrading propensities of depraved humanity? Its object is strictly selfish. Our property—our honor—these are the ends proposed, to the utter disregard of the rights of others.

And then, the means to be employed.—These are the destruction of human life and of property, both that of our own citizens and of the enemy. Think on these things.

Rail Road to Temperance.—We learn from the Georgia papers that the Central Rail Road is now completed for a distance of seventy miles from Savannah to Temperance, carrying nearly an average of 100 passengers per day.

We wish there were a Rail Road of like name in New England. There are passengers enough to support it richly, if they could only be persuaded to travel upon it.

CHURCH DISCIPLINE.

Comparatively few seem yet to have conceived of the nature and object of Church Discipline. It cannot be doubted that it had its origin in the same benevolence which founded the Church and bestows upon the sinful and undeserving the richest of blessings. Its nature is, therefore, of necessity purely benevolent. In it is lodged no tyrannical power—no power of domination by one part of the Church over another. Its exercise is fraternal. It is intended to correct the best feelings of the sanctified heart.

When properly exercised, it increases the attachment of brother to brother, and is never chargeable with producing those dreadful alienations of feeling which are too often witnessed in the Churches, and which give the world occasion to exclaim with a bitter derision, "See how these pretended brethren bite and devour one another!" If a brother errs, it kindly corrects the error—if he falls, it stoops in tears to lift him up.

How different is that cold, austere and cruel spirit which singles out and pursues a brother with relentless persecution. This spirit is by no means confined within the walls of the Papal Inquisition; but often builds an inquisition within the purlieus of that brotherhood of which Jesus himself condescends to account himself a member, when he says—"This is my commandment that ye love one another, as I have loved you. . . . Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. . . . Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you."

How discordant with this spirit, are all those scenes of animosity, with which the church is vexed, when the Pastor, or the Church, assumes a proud supremacy, and seizes the iron rod of power over a defenceless member. Such supremacy and power are not committed to any erring mortals by the Prince of Peace; but they are often usurped by them; and it is, then, if ever, tender mercy emphatically becomes cruel. If the professed disciples of Christ desire to promote the great and holy and benevolent cause they have espoused, let them cultivate in their own bosoms that humble charity which ever stands ready to forgive, but never to persecute.

SOUTH DIVISION.

We hope, the friends of the Slave will not only take particular notice of the advertisement in this paper, of the Annual meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society of Worcester County, South Division, but also be diligent in calling the attention of others to the duty of attending it, and be sure to be present themselves. Let the time and place be so marked that neither can be forgotten.

Our slumbering energies need to be aroused by an uncommon effort. The Slaveholder and his abettors are on the alert; let them not find a single abolitionist napping. The most important subjects require discussion at the present moment. As the meeting is to be held so near the centre of the County, it is hoped that very many from the North Division will be there.

A short meeting on a great subject will be held by BAPTIST ABOLITIONISTS, immediately after the first day's morning session. Such are invited to attend from every part of the state and from other states, to consider the question of a BAPTIST ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

Eight persons of one family, at La Grange, Tennessee, were recently poisoned to death by drinking cider from a barrel in which a serpent, about 2 feet long and much decayed, was found.

Happy would it be for multitudes, if there were not a deadly reptile in every cider barrel and every rum hogshead and wine cask in the world. Thousands are poisoned and die every year, by drinking of these liquors.

A large meeting of the mechanics and working men was held in Utica, N. Y. Feb. 19, at which, very properly we think, able resolutions were passed against the practice of employing state-prison convicts on canals and other public works.

For the Christian Reflector.
ASKING AMISS.—No 3.

A third reason our prayers often fail of meeting the approbation of God is, they are too selfish.

"If I regard iniquity in my heart," says David, "the Lord will not hear me." If our motives be selfish, we certainly do "regard iniquity." To desire our own interest more than God's glory, is sin.

Whatever be the favor sought in prayer, the prime motive by which the supplicant is influenced, must be the honor of God. Regard must be had to the only medium through which,—without detriment to the divine honor,—the favors of Heaven can be communicated to sinners.

The supplicant must ask in the name of Christ, by blessing in whose name—and in whose name alone—the Father is glorified.

Thus, in coming to the throne we should feel our wants, and freely mention them before God, but we should plead for his blessing, not so much because we are needy, as that he may be glorified in bestowing.

Here, is it not possible, that we often fail? Is it not true, that we are sometimes excited to earnestness in prayer, more by a sense of our need, than by the consideration that it is especially for God's glory to bless the poor and needy for Christ's sake?

We cannot too sensibly feel the importance of prayer from the pure and holy motive stated above. If we should not lose sight of the divine glory in eating our usual meals, and drinking our usual draughts, should we when we pray?

It was only when actuated by this motive, that ancient saints "had power with God and prevailed."

Israel had perished, for any thing we can tell, had not Moses and Joshua inquired before the Lord, with such pathetic emphasis—"what will become of thy great name?"

But for the sentiment of David's prayer expressed in the language—"Not for our righteousness, but for thy great mercies"—he had not prevailed with Jehovah.

The holy desire that God may be honored by giving, must render us fervent before his throne, or we "ask amiss."

SELAH.

Veterans of the Revolutionary Army! At the celebration of Independence at Worcester, on the fourth of July last, it was resolved to celebrate that Anniversary at the same place this year. It is proposed that such, within the County, as took an active part in the revolutionary war, and are able to assemble in Worcester, on that occasion, should meet at some place to be designated, one hour before the procession will be formed, and that the highest commissioned continental officer present, preside at the meeting. The veteran soldiers may then cheerfully commit themselves to the politeness of the committee of arrangements.

OF THE NUMBER.
Printers in the County are requested to insert the above.—*Spy.*

The Supreme Court has decided that a Post Note is entitled to three days grace.

SCRIPTURE GUIDE.

This is the title of the little book described in the following extract from the Christian Witness. It is published by the American Sabbath School Union, and is well worthy of the attention of all who read the Bible.

ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE BIBLE.

How many persons regard the Bible with a sort of superstitious reverence, without any distinct notion of its true claims to their respect. Some who were thus taught in childhood to look upon it with awe as the word of God, when they learn in after life that it was really written by the hand of man, are ready to cast away all their confidence in it. Had they been taught the nature of that inspiration which guided the holy men, who wrote "as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," with some knowledge of the moles of writing, and peculiarities of language; and an explanation of the manner in which the several books were collected together, their respect for the Bible would have rested upon a better foundation, and we may hope their faith in it would have been more permanent. This, and much more like it, is precisely the information given in this little book. First, there is an account of the Bible in the original languages, then a very interesting one of our English translation; a notice of the several divisions into testaments, books, chapters, &c.; an explanation of titles, and customs; followed by directions for reading it profitably. The whole forms a mass of information, highly important to children, and scarcely less so to adults, which it would be difficult to find in a condensed form elsewhere. It is written in an agreeable, chaste style, in the form of a conversation between Uncle Austin and his two nephews. The dialogue does not interfere with the instruction; but agreeably diversifies the language, and renders the whole more attractive.

CHURCHES CONSTITUTED.

From the N. Y. Baptist Register, we learn that a Baptist church was constituted at Camden, Oneida co., N. Y., on the 24th of January.

On the 19th Feb. a Baptist church was constituted in Amity, Maine, of 19 members.—*Zion Advocate.*

A Baptist church was constituted at Woodstock Vt., Feb. 12th; and the same day one was added to the church by baptism.—*Vt. Telegraph.*

ORDINATION AT WESTFIELD.

Rev. CHARLES VAN LOON, of the First Baptist Church in Albany, was ordained pastor over the Central Baptist Church in Westfield, Mass., on Wednesday the 27th of February, by an Ecclesiastical Council convened for that purpose in that place. Order of exercise as follows: The divine blessing invoked on the deliberations of the Council, by Rev. Mr. Batten of the Methodist church. A public examination of candidate, relative to christian experience, ministerial call, and views of scriptural doctrine.—Invocation on ordination services, by Rev. Mr. Davis, of the Congregational church. Rev. J. Higby read appropriate passages of Scripture; Prayer before Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Root; Sermon by Rev. J. L. Holge, first church in Albany; Ordaining Prayer, bro. Doolittle; Charge, bro. Hodge; Right hand of fellowship, bro. Higby; Address to Congregation, bro. Bachelor; Concluding Prayer, Rev. Mr. Clark, of the Congregational church Stockbridge; Benediction by the Candidate. Notwithstanding the extremely bad travelling, the house was well filled, and the audience appeared much interested during the protracted services of four and a half hours. May I not, through the Secretary's entreaty of my brethren in the ministry to study brevity in the several parts assigned them on such public occasions. It seems sometimes as though brethren were determined to say all they can think of.

H. D. DOOLITTLE, Clerk of Council.

Extract of a letter from Elder William Harris, Bedford, Feb. 26th, 1839.

I have not much news of importance to detail, other than the Lord is still with us at Hunting Creek church. At our last meeting there were betwixt 20 and 30 persons who appeared to be deeply concerned for the salvation of their souls, and the church seemed also to be revived. In other churches where I labor, there are some indications that the Lord is operating by His Spirit on the hearts of the people. Oh that the Lord may make bare his arm in our behalf.

RE. Herald.

FIRE.—The cotton factory at East Wilton, N. H., owned principally by Abraham Whittemore, Esq., was destroyed by fire on Tuesday 5th instant, with the greater part of its contents. Loss \$12,000—no insurance.

Death from a Railroad Car.—On Thursday night, as the Philadelphia train was passing Rahway to Elizabethtown, when within a mile or two of the latter place, the Engineer felt a jerk of the cars, which satisfied him that some obstacle had been encountered. He checked the train as soon as possible, and on going back, found the mangled corpse of a colored woman, with a jug of rum by her side.

Henry Sheldon Collins of Westfield, Mass a member of the Senior Class of Yale College, was drowned, on Saturday, in New Haven Harbor, by the upsetting of a sailboat. He was twenty years of age, and an only son.

WORCESTER SOUTH DIVISION ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

A Quarterly Meeting of the Worcester South Division Anti-Slavery Society, will be held in the Town Hall, at Leicester, the Third day, (Tuesday), the 19th inst. at 10 o'clock, A. M. A choice of Officers is to take place, and it is desirable that all who feel an interest should be present. Other business of importance will come before the meeting, and it is expected several able lecturers will be present.

EDWARD EARLE, Secretary.

Worcester, 3d mo. 6, 1839.

P. S. All Societies in this Division are requested to call meetings forthwith, and appoint representatives to this meeting.

NOTICE.

The Ladies Moral Reform Society will hold their next meeting at the house of Mrs. Martha R. Bixby, Thomas Street, on Tuesday afternoon, March 19, at 2 o'clock.

MARRIED:

In this town, March 5, by Rev. Mr. Smalley, Mr. Russell Bliss, to Miss Mary May.

In Leicester, March 7, by Rev. Mr. Horton, Mr. John Bradley of Milbury, to Miss Mary Bradbury.

In Hardwick, by Rev. Mr. Goldsberry, Mr. Philip Grant, to Miss Lucy Barnes.

In Walpole, by the Rev. Mr. Ripley, Rev. Wm. H. Bradley, to Miss Sarah H. Smith.

At Woonsocket Falls, Feb. 23, by Rev. Mr. Waterman, Mr. Osman Hathaway to Miss Lois H. Holbrook.

In Lowell, by Rev. J. Ballard, Rev. Jonathan E. Furber of West Wrentham to Miss Elias, Hunt of Lowell.

DIED:

In Lancaster, February the 24th, Joseph Howe, the youngest son of Dr. Phineas B. Howe, of the lung fever, aged 12 years.

In this town, Feb. 23, Mrs. Mary R. wife of Mr. Isaac Willard, aged 23. March 5, (at the Hospital) Dr. Gordon Paine, of North Brookfield, aged 48. Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. Samuel Sturtevant, aged 62. 10, Miss Hannah, relict of Mr. David Bigelow, aged 94.

In Auburn, Feb. 4, Capt. Daniel Jenness, aged 84. In West Wrentham, March 1, Melvin S. Griggs, son of Orin Kirtland, aged 8 mos. and 17 ds.

In Grafton, Feb. 26, John Davis, son of John C. Knapp, aged 4 years and 4 months.

In Leicester, Feb. 15, Sarah, wife of Mr. Jabez Day, aged 61.

In Northborough, Feb. 25, Mrs. Tamar wife of Mr. Jonathan Fawcett, aged 74. Feb. 28, Mrs. Hannah, wife of Mr. Aaron Beeman, aged 36.—Printers in Boston and N. Hampshire, are requested, &c.

In Hubbardston, widow Mary Underwood, aged 79.—March 5, widow Mary Wilder, formerly widow Mary Clifford, aged 80.

In Lancaster, March 3, Mrs. Elizabeth Gould, aged 84. This worthy woman was one of a family of twelve children. One of the number died in infancy—the remaining eleven lived till they were more than eighty years of age—one still survives, who has nearly reached ninety years.

OBITUARY.

Died in Brookfield, Vt. of croup, Dec. 18th 1838, Emeline aged 1 year, 8 months and 7 days, and Jan. 19th 1839, Benoni, aged 4 years, 5 months and 8 days; children of Mr. Vickery Baker, lately of Sterling, Mass.

Brother and sister Baker had before drunk deeply of the cup of sorrow, having buried five beloved children. In his letter of the 5th inst. brother Baker communicates the above sad intelligence to us and says:

"Emeline was taken with the croup which terminated in death after a few days. She died, Dec. 18th, while I was at Boston. I returned, but alas! that borrowed one was gone home."

I left home in about one week after my return from Boston, for N. Y. In my absence, our dear little Benoni was taken with the same disorder, lived a few days, and expired on the 19th of January. O my dear brother, think on me at my return, to find my dearest child a frozen corpse, (the weather was cold. My dear wife could not think of interring it, until my return) and, when you think, let your prayer arise to God in our behalf.

I can not close without stating something further about your beloved little one. He had his reason to the last. A few hours before he ceased to breathe, he said—"I die, I die—I want to see papa." His mother asked him if he was willing to die? He said, "yes." He kissed her and said, "Call Warren, I must kiss him." His brother was called. He took him by the hand and said—"I die;" but was so choked that he could say no more, and soon dropped asleep in Jesus, we hope.

Thus we see the uncertainty of all things. Seven out of eleven of our number have already gone to people the other World. I trust, we feel to be still and know that it is the Lord, that does all things right. How soon we shall be permitted to visit those that have gone before us, we cannot tell; and it matters not if we are only read and anxiously waiting for that hour, we should wait the return of some dear, earthly friend."

Our meditations on these afflictions of our friends awaken feelings too deep and tender to be expressed here. It is but a few months, since we were called to weep with them and to attend the funeral obsequies of their son, of whom they were bereft, when they were beginning to lean upon him and to find in him many consolations.

At the age of nineteen, JAMES had formed a character for virtue and manliness which commanded respect among men. His neighbors regarded him as having already taken his place among them as a man. His business, talents and habits, were those of a man of thirty; and he had, for sometime, successfully conducted, as a manager, an important concern which required knowledge, experience and dignity. Consumption laid its withering hand upon his noble frame; and, as he sunk beneath the resistless power, he evinced a calmness and solemn thoughtfulness much above his years. His last hour was spent in prayer for himself, his family and his acquaintances. He was a worthy example for the young to follow.

This heavy loss was sustained by the parents in the spirit of Christian resignation; and yet, such are the inscrutable purposes of Him whose we are and who has an unlimited right to do what He will with his own, other losses awaited them. Two lovely children were soon to be called by the Sovereign Disposer. It would seem that Christian faith never for himself, his family and his acquaintances. He was a worthy example for the young to follow.

Chapters on the mode of conducting modern missions; on the measure of success which has attended the enterprise; on the almost unknown tribes in all around; and other important subjects are added at the close of the work and constitute no small part of its value.

A laborious and complete index is appended to the work; together with a glossary of oriental terms; in which three hundred and eighty words are not only lucidly defined, but accented, so as to show their proper pronunciation.

The cost of the two volumes will probably not exceed \$2.50, at which price it will be one of the cheapest works issued from the American press. The publishers rely for remuneration rather on a large sale than a high price.

A portion of the proceeds of the work are appropriated to the Foreign Missionary Board.

Feb. 22, 1839.

NOTICE.

THE subscribers have this day formed a co-partnership in business, for the purpose of carrying on all kinds of

BOOK and JOB PRINTING.

Their assortment of type and other materials has been recently very much enlarged and improved, and they are now prepared to print, in the best manner, at short notice, and on the most favorable terms,

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, SHOW BILLS, Banners and Visiting CARDS, STAGE BILLS, CATALOGUES, &c. &c.

No. 5 Goddards Row, Worcester.

M. SPOONER.

H. J. HOWLAND.

Worcester, March 11, 1839.

discharge the duties of that high trust which is committed to them, and stand prepared in spirit to relinquish the "dear ones" once at the call of Him who gave them.

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No. 5 Goddards Row, Worcester.

M. SPOONER.

H. J. HOWLAND.

POETRY.

SONNET.

BY WM. LLOYD GARRISON.
How full the grave at the touch of the dead!
How full the grave at the touch of the dead!
How full the grave at the touch of the dead!
How full the grave at the touch of the dead!
How full the grave at the touch of the dead!
How full the grave at the touch of the dead!
How full the grave at the touch of the dead!
How full the grave at the touch of the dead!
How full the grave at the touch of the dead!
How full the grave at the touch of the dead!

WHICH IS THE WEALTHIEST?

The interview.
My friend Eugenio thus described to me:
"He led me to a terrace, whence the eye,
Drank in a boundless prospect—hill and dale,
Meadows and corn fields. 'See'st thou, said he,
'Yon distant farm, just where the river bends,
Well, that is mine: and this way dost thou see
A small white cottage—that is likewise mine:
Each bounds my estate—the intervening lands
Are all my own, and I must fain confess,
I think that few have better.' Eugenio smiled.
'See'st thou,' he said 'yon village? Dwellers there
In a thatched hovel, lives a widow, poor indeed
In this world's wealth, a barley crust sometimes,
With water, all her meal, yet, she can boast
Richer possessions.' 'Why, what can she say?'
'Sir, she can say, 'I'm rich, for Christ is mine!
I think her wealth superior!'
This was Eugenio's tale, and often since,
I've thought about the widow and her wealth:
And when I see the rich and titled ones
Roll by in their voluptuousness, I think
How very poor are they, compared to her
Who dwelt in the thatched hovel, and my prayer
Towards God and gems, and palaces,
Asks but the widow's wealth—May Christ be mine!

From the Emancipator.

THE STOLEN BOY—A HISTORICAL FACT.

Pence long had hovered round the home
Of Africa's noble son;
Dispelling care and frightful gloom,
Which other hearts had wrang.

The only pledge—a happy child
Clasped in his mother's arms;
Told o'er his tales, and sweetly smil'd,
Proud of his native charms.

Then bounding forth, he waved his hand,
And sought the cooling shade—
Where met a jovial little band,
And 'neath the palm trees play'd.

How proudly beat each little heart!
And throb'd they there;
And, ranged in simple native art,
Each shining shell appeared.

But lo! another scene behold,
A mother's form is near;
Alone she stands, with grief untold,
The white man's track is here!

With tearful eyes one glance she threw,
Far o'er the reflux wave,
When, lo! her boy appeared in view,
And loudly cries, "Oh, save!"

But look! another scene appears,
Beside a dark ship lies
A native boat, and pearly tears
Stream from a father's eyes:

Then raising in his trembling hand,
His gold, and jewels rare,
"Take, white man, all, and loose those bands,
My child from slavery spare."

They took his wealth—and chained him too,
Close by his prattling boy;
"My father, Oh! I'll cling to you,"
He said, and wept for joy.

On FREEDOM'S proud and boasted soil,
Next moves a sickly band—
They drag their chains, they sweat, they toil—
Slaves on Columbia's land.
New York, Feb. 1833. Mrs. LIDIA BAXTER.

MISCELLANY.

From the Boston Transcript.

RHINOPLASTIC OPERATION.
Dr. J. M. Warren has recently performed a second successful operation for the restoration of the nose. In this instance the patient was a female, about 27 years of age, belonging to the State of Maine. The case exposes the horrible iniquity of medical pretence, and exhibits, in a cheering light, the inestimable blessing of surgical science. We extract the following account from the Medical and Surgical Journal, of this morning:
Thirteen months ago, the patient was urged by an uncle to consult a medical pretender by the name of Nason, of Waterbury, since dead, in consequence of the existence of a small wart, as she denominates it, near the tip of the nose. It was considered a cancerous pimple, which should be dispersed, and the doctor, therefore, advised the application of caustic. This produced a high degree of inflammation, which was so extensive and severe that poisons were used for reducing it. These were continued, it seems a considerable time—for on the fourteenth day after using the caustic, in the act of taking off a poultice, the entire fleshy part of the nose dropped off, close to the bones, producing a shocking and wholly unlooked for calamity. For a young lady, whose features were regular and handsome, in the prime of life, health, hope and enjoyment, nothing could have been so disastrous or painfully distressing as a facial deformity of this character. On seeking further advice from the same source, she was told, by way of encouragement, that the organ would grow on again, and eventually be perfectly restored. Having waited thirteen months, without discovering any indications of a reproduction of the nose, and having read in the newspapers an account, which was ex-

tracted from this journal, of a successful rhinoplasty operation in Boston, she came to this city for surgical advice. This was in August last; but for some reason she returned home, and again arrived in Boston early in November. Every thing being in readiness, on the 7th of November, Dr. J. M. Warren commenced the operation by taking a large triangular piece of skin from the middle of the forehead, which was detached, except a small strip between the eyes. The broad flap, on being reversed, was necessarily twisted in the narrow part. The edges about the locality of the original nose, were pared, and the edges of the transposed material for the new one nicely adjusted in all directions, and secured by ligatures instead of pins. Keenly as the unfortunate patient must have suffered—for it was not the work of a moment, but a slow process, to fit one part to another, she never manifested the slightest indications of uneasiness. Such is the fortitude of females. Finally, the best part of the narration may be expressed in a few lines. Everything worked kindly; the new nose knit by the first intention, and the nostrils and wings are well turned, and promise to go on improving in appearance. We called upon the heroic patient the other day, and found her sitting in a comfortable great chair at the breakfast table, free from pain, the inflammation having subsided, and in a fair way of soon being in a condition to return to her friends. This is truly another triumph of science and art, in the restoration of that essential feature of the face, on which expression and articulation necessarily depend. The patient came here an object of disgust to herself, and exciting the deep sympathy and commiseration of all who chanced to see her; but she leaves Boston, a living monument of the boundless resources of human ingenuity, with a deep feeling of gratitude towards God and the surgeon, not to be expressed, and only to be felt, in full force, in the secret recesses of woman's heart.

REV. JOHN SMALEY.

Departed this life on Monday the 11th day of Feb. 1839 the Rev. Henry Smalley A. M. Pastor of the Baptist Church at Colhaney New Jersey, in the 74th year of his age. He was born October 23d, 1765, in Middlesex county, near New Brunswick. He entered Queen's college (now Rutgers's,) at an early period, and from thence was transferred to Nassau Hall, where he graduated in the year 1786. The venerable John Witherspoon D. D., at that time presided over this renowned institution of learning. Of his classmates two only linger upon the shores of time. Maturius Livingston of N. Y., and Dr. Charles Smith of New Jersey. Soon after this event, the subject of our obituary notice was licensed to preach the gospel, by the Church at Piscataway, and ordained in the year 1793 as the Pastor of the Church at Colhaney, by the Rev. Samuel Jones, D. D., of Lower Dublin, Penn., and Rev. Mr. Miller of his native State. Soon after, he was united in marriage with Hannah Fox, a mother in Israel. She was his solace and stay, until about 3 years since, when she departed in faith and in full assurance of a glorious resurrection. For half a century, he exercised his ministry in this ancient branch of Zion.

A TOUCH STONE.

We hope ever to be on one side of religion—pure and undefiled: A poor mortal of yesterday, strangely compounded of power and weakness, who cherishes no aspirations towards the God who made him, is an object of pity. A denizen of the nineteenth Christian century, whose heart has never been kindled with the fire that glowed in a certain "upper room," which has blazed forth in a visible emblem to the dwellers in Jerusalem, is a poor starveling in God's paradise—blind, ragged, and wretched, amidst unspeakable beauty and riches. To rescue from such blindness and poverty is a noble work. God-speed to all who are heartily engaged in it. Let no one charge us with want of respect for religion, then, when we say we fear much of this work is but ill done. Our hearts sink within us when we think how many of our devout worshipping assemblies, how many of our solemn and interesting prayer-meetings, how many of our tear-shedding revivals, might be turned into mere poison-weed gardens, or hot-beds of spiritual pride, by the application of a very simple test. It might be very wrong to apply it, but that is not the question. We will now just suppose it to be applied by the providence of God. The test would be this: let there come into the assembly where the current religion is achieving its most glorious triumphs, a decent, serious, well-clad, well-behaved, black person, and take a vacant seat somewhere about the centre, and there sit as would a white person.

What a pandemonium heart rising! Ay, why would not scorching fires of the pit lick up all the tears in that congregation? Would not the very standard-bearers of religion, ministering between God and the soul, express their regret, if not their indignation, at such an "outrage" as so interesting a time—forgetting to thank God for a test of their work this side of the judgment? Plenty of seasons there would be afterwards to account for, if not to justify, the unlimited "excitement" into which the meeting was thrown—"rude intruders upon established habits," "violation of custom," "contempt of national feeling," and the like. But all this only shows the virulence of the disease, and it was to cure just such diseases that the Christian religion was brought into the world. Alas! when we think of such a touch-stone, we sadly fear that religion has not done her work among us. Surely, if we had any right apprehensions of the infinite God above us, we should feel pretty much on a level with our fellow creatures—too much so to take offence at complexion. It is only when we are worshipping *Custom* that we can notice such slight inequalities. If you say such would not be the effect of the touch-stone, try and see. We shall rejoice to be proved a libeller. If you say the disease is incurable, remember you are charging the blame upon your Maker.

Human Rights.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

We copy the following from the Charleston, S. C. Observer. We have long known that an effort has been made by the authorities of that State, to sustain their College, under the influence of infidelity. The experiment has resulted as any one might have predicted—it is a failure: the portion of the community who educate their sons, generally choose to have their morals guarded; if the Christians of the community discountenance an institution, it cannot well succeed.—*Chr. Panoply.*

"In this State infidelity has been weighed in the balances and found wanting. For at least, ten years, the South Carolina College had every advantage of trying the experiment. The patronage of the State was bountifully lavished upon it. Each successive Governor, in his annual messages to the Legislature, mentioned it with approbation, and commended it to the continued confidence and support of the Representatives of the people. Its President and Professors were reputed to possess superior talents and fitness for their station. But notwithstanding all these advantages—advantages which few Institutions in the land possess in so ample a measure, the College declined with rapid strides. And the secret of it all was, that it was under the immediate government and instruction of men who were deeply imbued with infidel sentiments. At least the predominant influence in the College was hostile to revealed religion. And hence a blight came over it. It had not the confidence of the people. It could not regulate itself. There was disorder within, and distrust without.

But a change was effected. The old officers despairing of success, resigned their several stations, and others were selected to fill their places.—It was, however, quite another class of men. The vacant chairs, where infidelity had been taught by inendo, were occupied by those who had the fear of God before their eyes, and his honor near their heart.—And the result is, that there is now order where there was misrule.—And the result is, that the number of students have increased fourfold. All who have been in the habit of visiting the Institution, mark the contrast, and attribute the change to the proper cause—to the decided Christian influence which its President and Professors exert.

THE GRIEVANCE.

Fellow Citizens, there is such a thing as insult. A man may spit in your face, or empty slugs upon your head as you pass under his window, and the grievance shall be two-fold! 1. The physical discomfort, more or less, considered a part from its cause. 2. The insult—or mental injury, produced by the whole thing, as a matter of design. Possibly there may be natures so admirably callous as not to be sensible of the latter; but we apprehend they are exceptions. If a man were to go about with a piece of chalk writing *thief* on the coat of every merchant, and *wool* on the coat of every minister, it might cost but little to brush it off, but we think the work would be called a grievance, and its author a nuisance.

Now the slaveholders have taken it into their heads to write *HYPOCRISY*, in capital letters, on the forehead of this nation. And if we endeavor to wash it off, they say, "Oh, what is that to you? It doesn't hurt you. It is not a thing you need care about at all. It is no GRIEVANCE."

We maintain that slavery and the slave-trade in the District of Columbia, are the greatest of grievances to every sincere republican, inasmuch as they are the greatest possible INSULT. They spit in the face of our republicanism, ride it on a rail, and burn it in effigy, for the amusement of arbitrary potentates. A district is set apart, where a government based on equal rights shall "establish justice" for a wide empire, shall punish piracy on the high seas, shall exhibit a model for the imitation of the world, and it is made the very focus of a piracy which were death on the ocean. Suppose the captain and crew of some low, rakish looking schooner, after having fattened upon the blood and gold of our honest commerce, should be hard pressed by our cruiser, and run up the *Potomac*.—Would it not be a strange thing if they should be allowed to set up their business in the District of Columbia, and openly prey upon the lives, liberty, and property of these fellow citizens? Yet this is precisely what has been done by the slave-trade. A trade which Congress has declared piracy upon the ocean, between us and foreign countries, and which it has equal power to declare piracy between the States, now flourishes by municipal license, under the windows of the Capitol! The ships, and chains, and dungeons of this hellish traffic, are exposed to the view of our free representatives—ay, the chains are clanked, and the whips are cracked in their faces—and they are told that they shall say nothing of the matter, and that the petitions of their constituents about it shall not be read nor considered, &c.

There is such a thing as pocketing insults till a man shall think his pockets were made for nothing else. To this pass most of our northern representatives seem to have arrived.—They seem perfectly insensible to the disgrace which redounds to themselves from their legislative relation to this horrible system. But, fellow citizens, this disgrace is not the less real—and it redounds over from your representatives to YOU. Weigh, measure, fathom this disgrace before you take it up as the inheritance of your children. You have heard of sundry ties—that is not all. Tears are not only fluid shed by the slave-trade. It is the means of supply for a system of whole sale MURDER. Look at the last census. Compare the slave with the free colored population in respect to longevity. You will find a deficiency of more than 300,000 lives in the advanced ages among the slaves! Yet they increase as fast. The slaveholders of Virginia, and Maryland—fellow craftsmen of our honorable ambassadors at the Court of St. James,—continue to make up, and more than make up, for the waste of the cotton and sugar plantations. With ceaseless industry they stimulate the springs of human population to conceal and cover up the perpetual havoc of men made by a system of toil, whose only reward is FEAR. Foul and horrible war upon humanity! Will you count it no grievance to you that its head quarters are pitched in the very birth place of those laws under which you hold all that is dear to you as an American citizen? Shall it be no grievance to you, that your public servants shall be sent to a school where the standing lesson shall be, that the Declaration of their country's Independence is a rhetorical flourish?

FAST DAY Thursday, the 28th inst., is appointed by the Governor and Council to be observed as the Annual Fast.

THE MURDERER LOUSED.—Joseph Lougel, the German who murdered Mr. Rapp, in July 1837, was executed on the 12th inst. at Buffalo, Governor Sewart having denied the application from Buffalo for a commutation of the sentence. The following are extracts from the Governors reply:

"The facts in the case may be briefly stated thus. An intimacy had existed several months between the prisoner and Mrs. Rapp. The deceased disapproved of this intimacy, and as its calamitous result leaves no doubt, with just cause. But being a man evidently of peaceable disposition, he contented himself, for aught that appears, with expressions of his dissatisfaction. On Monday, the 10th of July, 1837 Rapp was brought from his barn into his house, severely wounded in the head, and in-ensuable. It was said by his wife, and believed by his family and his friends, that this injury had been received from the kick of a horse.—Although the wounds were supposed mortal, he gradually recovered, and on Friday morning walked about his room and was believed altogether out of danger. In this state of convalescence he suddenly died and was buried. Suspicion went abroad, and after the lapse of about a week, the body was discovered and underwent a post mortem examination. It then appeared that death had been produced, not by the wounds of the head, but by strangulation. The prisoner and his paramour, Rapp's wife, were arrested; and the prisoner subsequently confessed his guilt and accused his accomplice.—His account of the transaction is substantially this. That he and Mrs. Rapp had held several consultations about killing Rapp, which resulted in an agreement on his part, several nights previous to the first attack, to execute that purpose. In pursuance of this agreement, he went on one occasion to Rapp's house, but returned without making an attempt. On the Sunday night previous to the first assault, he renewed his promise, and prepared himself with a weapon. On Monday morning he way-laid Rapp as he was entering the stable, felled him to the ground, and after inflicting several blows, left him, supposing him to be dead.

During Rapp's convalescence, the prisoner was daily in conversation with Mrs. Rapp about "finishing" his horrid work. On Tuesday night he slept under Rapp's roof; she visited his bed several times, urging him to the murder, alleging that "if he was ever to do any thing, he must do it then, for her husband was getting well, and would soon be so strong that they could do nothing with him." After a night thus spent, the prisoner and Mrs. Rapp went into Rapp's room. Mrs. Rapp after attempting to irritate her husband, pushed the prisoner upon him. The prisoner "took Rapp by the throat and held him until he was dead," the wife at the same time assisting, by pressing upon the body of her husband.

Such is the prisoner's history of the transaction. A murder more brut in its origin and motives, or more atrocious in its circumstances, has seldom been committed in this or any other country. Painful as is the responsibility cast upon me by this application, I am satisfied that it cannot be granted without establishing a precedent which will leave the Executive without the power to withhold its clemency in almost every instance where the law prescribes capital punishment."

HOW SLAVERY EXALTS ANY PEOPLE.

Education in Virginia.—Some remarkable facts are stated in the Message of the Governor of Virginia, showing an unexpected degree of ignorance among the people of that ancient commonwealth. He says, that of 4,682 applicants in 1817 for marriage licenses, 1,487, or nearly one-fourth, were unable to write their names. In 1827, or 5,043 applicants, 1,166 could not write, and in 1837, of 4,614 applicants, 1,047 were unable to write. This shows but a small increase of the blessings of education among the people of that State. All the applicants were males, and the Governor supposes that education is more generally diffused among that sex than among the females. The Governor recommends some material change in the school system.

Washington Statesman.
The Rev. Mr. Brooks, of Hingham, having been elected Professor of Natural History, in the University of the city of New York, asked a dissolution of his pastoral relations. In granting his request his people voted unanimously the most commendatory notices of his talents and worth. We understand he will visit Europe for objects connected with his new office.

ANOTHER ACCIDENT FROM FIRE.—A little girl about seven years old, the daughter of Christopher Gooding of Hopkinton, was dreadfully burnt on Sunday afternoon, 26th ult. in consequence of her clothes taking fire. She was left alone by her parents, who had gone to church; the shrieks of the little sufferer alarmed a neighbor, who had the presence of mind, unusual in such cases, to put a table cloth about the body of the child, and thus smothered the flame. She was severely burnt; and the effect will make her a cripple for life.

A very singular case of murder occurred a few days ago at a shooting match in Pittsylvania county Va. A Mr. Abner C. Spencer said to one William Hamilton—"you never can hit the mark." "I can hit a rascal though," replied Hamilton, "raising his rifle and shooting Spencer through the neck. He died in 10 hours.

DEMOCRACY. A new democratic newspaper has been commenced in New Orleans by the late editors of the New Orleans Bee, which was sold out for thirty three thousand dollars, and converted into a whig paper.

The Baltimore Sun mentions the death, by suicide, of Lieut. Wallace, of the navy, who destroyed himself by swallowing a large quantity of corrosive sublimate, in despair at his rejection by a lady to whom he paid his addresses.

The Baltimore papers contain an advertisement, stating that a colored man named John Thomas, who says he is free, and was born and brought up in Boston, has been committed to jail in that city, as a runaway slave. He is described as very much pitted with small pox, 5 feet 6 inches high, 39 to 35 years old, and has lost the third finger of his right hand. If he is not speedily released, "he will be sold for the payment of charges."

STATE ACTION AGAINST SLAVERY. The Charleston Mercury, of Feb. 7, has espied a new source of danger to the sublime institution. "The chief danger now is, not from Congressional action, but from Anti-Slavery State Action." Such a hint should not be lost upon those free States in which Slavery is regarded as a national evil.—Here is a line of action pointed out by the defenders of slavery, telling us of a point in their lines which is entirely defenceless. The Slave States are so dependent that they would not dare to trample on the appeals and remonstrances of sovereign co-States, addressed directly to the State Legislatures. Our friends in the Anti-Slavery States should bear that in mind at the next legislative election, and see that men are chosen who will not cover at the distant shaking of the slaveholder's whip. Remember, the slave States have always been accustomed to appeal to us to strengthen slavery. Let us now appeal to them to destroy it.

DISTRESSING CASUALTY.—Last Sabbath, while the family of the Rev. Mr. Davis, of Westfield, were at church, a girl living in the family, left with a child, was so dreadfully burned by her clothes taking fire that she survived only until Monday night. Her name was Catharine Berry, aged 19.

ORDINATIONS.

Brother AMBLER EDSON, a late graduate of Hamilton Literary Institution, was ordained pastor of the Baptist church in Plymouth, Vt., on Thursday, Feb. 24th. Sermon by Dr. E. Hutchinson, of East Windsor, Vt.

On the same day, at Edinburg, N. H., Br. J. MILTON CORBURN, was ordained as an Evangelist, by request of the Baptist church in that place.

On the 16th ult., Brother THOMAS MURRAY was ordained as an Evangelist, at Hodgdon, Me. Sermon by Brother O. B. Walker. An interesting state of things exists with the church in Hodgdon, after a long state of coldness and dulness. Brother Murray, on the Sabbath following his ordination, baptized five converts, and others were coming forward. We learn these facts from a communication in Zion's Advocate.

On the 12th ult., at the Lower Northampton church, Va., Br. Wm. A. C. DIX, was ordained to the work of the ministry.

CHILD'S DEPARTMENT.



CINNAMON.

Cinnamon is brought chiefly from the Island of Ceylon, to India, and has now been many years in use, in Europe and America, as a pleasant spice. It is the bark of a species of laurel, remarkable with some other species, possessing similar properties, for its coriaceous leaf, marked with three strong nerves. It was originally found wild only, and in small quantities, at one part of the Island; but when the Dutch obtained a settlement there they cultivated it in large gardens or tracts. The extent of these plantations will be perceived, when it is stated that 400,000 lbs. were obtained from them, annually, and upwards of 25,000 persons were employed in the cinnamon business. The Dutch long had the monopoly of the article, and resorted to severe and even cruel measures to prevent the trade getting into other hands.

The cinnamon tree often grows to the height of twenty or thirty feet, and sends out large spreading branches. The leaves are first pendent, and of a delicate rose color, afterwards they turn yellow, and then green. The flowers are borne in panicles, are small and white, partaking of the peculiar flavor of the tree. The fruit yields an oil; of which a kind of candles is made, which are used by the court, in the kingdom of Candy.

When the tree is three years old, it affords a shoot fit to yield bark; but eight years of growth are useful, before it can be freely cut. At ten or twelve years of age, the tree is strongest; and the plants, which grow in dry and rocky spots, produce the most pungent and aromatic bark. The shoots are cut when about an inch thick; they are barked and the epidermis scraped off. The bark is dried in the sun, when it curls, and the smaller is rolled in within the larger. Cassia, in its botanical character, is little different from cinnamon. In quality, it is much inferior, though often sold for it. It is commonly known under the name of Bastard cinnamon.



PAPYRUS.

This is a plant of Egypt, and among the most remarkable of those noticed by the

ancients. It most abounded on the banks and white pith which fills the stems of this plant, that the ancients prepared their paper. The main stem is ten or twelve feet of the Nile. Papyrus and other naturalists of early times, speak of it by the above name; in Syria it was called *babia*; whence the modern term, paper. It is from the delicate high, and is surrounded at the base by a few short leaves, bearing numerous flower stalks with inconspicuous blossoms. The process was to remove the epidermis, and to cut the spongy part into thin slices, and steep them in the waters of the Nile; after which there were two layers, alternately; several layers being required to make one sheet of paper. It was then dried, and subjected to a strong pressure; and finally smoothed with a piece of polished ivory. On this paper, or cloth, most ancient MSS. were inscribed; especially those lately found in the excavations at Herculaneum and Pompeii, in Italy.

THE JEW.

Traveling lately through the Western part of Virginia, I was much interested in hearing an old and highly respectable clergyman give a short account of a Jew, with whom he had lately become acquainted.

He was preaching to a large and attentive audience, when his attention was arrested by seeing a man enter having every mark of a Jew on the lineaments of his face. He was well dressed, and his countenance was noble, though it was evident that his heart had lately been the inhabitant of sorrow.—He took his seat, and was all attention, while an unconscious tear was often seen to wet his manly cheek. After service, the clergyman fixed his attention upon him, and the stranger reciprocated the stare. The good minister goes up to him:

"Sir, am I correct—am I not addressing one of the children of Abraham?"

"You are."

"But how is it that I meet a Jew in a Christian assembly?"

The following narrative was the substance of his reply:

He was a very respectable man, of a superior education, who had lately come from London; and with his books, his riches, and a lovely daughter of seventeen, had found a charming retreat on the fertile banks of the Ohio. He had buried the companion of his youth before he left Europe, and he now knew no pleasure but the company of his endeared child. She was, indeed, worthy of a parent's love. She was surrounded by beauty as a mantle; but her cultivated mind, and her amiable disposition, threw around her a charm superior to any of the tinsel decorations of the body. No pains had been spared on her education. She could read and speak with fluency several different languages, and her manners charmed every beholder. No wonder, then, that a doting father, whose head was now sprinkled with gray, should place his whole affection on this only child of his love, especially as he knew no source of happiness beyond this world. Being a strict Jew, he educated her in the strictest principles of his religion, and he thought he had presented it with an ornament.

Not long ago his daughter was taken sick. The rose faded from her cheek, her eye lost its fire, her strength decayed, and it was soon apparent that the worm of disease was rioting in the core of her vitals. The father hung over the bed of his daughter with a heart ready to burst with anguish. He often attempted to converse with her, yet he seldom spoke, but in the language of tears. He spared no trouble or expense in procuring medical assistance, but no human skill could extract the arrow of death now fixed in her heart.

The father was walking in a small grove near his house, wetting his steps with tears, when he was sent for by the dying daughter. With a heavy heart he entered the door of the chamber, which he feared would soon be the entrance of death. He was now to take a last farewell of his child, and his religion gave but a feeble hope of meeting her hereafter.

She extended to her parent her wasted hand—"My father, do you love me?"—"My child, you know that I love you—that you are more dear to me than all the world beside." "But, father, do you love me?" "Why, my child, will you give me pain so exquisite?" "Have I never given you any proofs of my love?" "But, my dearest father, do you love me?" "The father could not answer; she added, "I know, my dear father, that you have ever loved me, that you have been the kindest of parents—and I tenderly love you. Will you grant me one request—O, my father, it is the dying request of your daughter—will you grant it?" "My dearest child, ask what you will, though it take all my property, whatever it may be, it shall be granted. I will grant it." "My dear father, I beg you never again to speak against JESUS OF NAZARETH!"

The father was dumb with astonishment. "I know," continued the dying girl, "I know but little about this Jesus, for I never was taught. But I know that he is a Savior, for he has manifested himself to me since I have been sick, even for the salvation of my soul. I believe he will save me, although I have never before loved him; I feel that I am going to him, that I shall ever be with him. And now, my dear father, do not deny me; I beg that you will never again speak against this Jesus of Nazareth! I entreat you to obtain a Testament that tells of him; and I pray that you may know him; and when I am no more, you may bestow on him the love that was formerly mine."

The exertion overcame the weakness of her feeble body. She ceased; and the father's heart was too full even for tears. He left the room in great horror of mind, and ere he could again summon sufficient fortitude to return, the spirit of the accomplished daughter had taken its flight, as I trust, to that Savior whom she loved and honored, without seeing or knowing. The first thing the parent did, after committing to the earth his last earthly joy, was to procure a New Testament. Thus he read; and, taught by the Spirit from above, is now numbered among the meek and humble followers of the Lamb!—*Simple Sketches.*